SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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Library and Community

IT would seem a work of supererogation to point out the importance to the community of the library were it not for the fact that in the greatest city of the country library appropriations have been systematically cut down for the past five years. If New York can have had its library funds progressively scaled off, with all that such action implies of insufficiency of money for the purchase of books and inadequate salaries for librarians, then evidently recognition of the value of the library to the state has not yet come to the politicians and is too generally taken for granted by those who should command them. For there can be no dispute among thinking people as to the eminence of the library among institutions making for the public welfare. The school alone surpasses it as a means to the education of the people, and it alone with the school possesses the supreme distinction of affording a medium through which deliberate direction can be given on a large scale to the formation of taste and the development of standards. For the movies, with their almost boundless potentialities for the education of the masses, are still too inchoate in their aims, too completely commercial in their inspiration, to exert a fraction of the elevating influence that might well be theirs, and the press, unfortunately dependent, or at least deeming itself dependent, upon the popular taste for its very existence in large measure fails to realize on its opportunities for uplifting it. But the library stands foursquare to the ignorance and the prejudices and the predilections of the people. It contains in its heterogeneity food for every shade of opinion, and yet its comprehensiveness is not so all embracing but that it has been delivered of the obnoxious and the injurious. It is in the strategic position of an institution which exerts a selective influence without appearing to impose restrictions.

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Indeed the library stands to the community in the relation of a wise guardian, a guardian who realizes that freedom of choice is a first essential to the enjoyment and development of its wards, but who yet believes that that choice should be safeguarded. Not that libraries, the best of them, do not contain an infinitude of books that measured by any standards of literary worth are negligible, but that their selection is made with a view to including all that is most worth preserving and nothing that is pernicious. They are the happy hunting grounds of the inquisitive mind, where the biggest game may be had for the stalking. They are the forcing beds of knowledge, and wisdom, and humanity, and they surely are deserving of all the support that a benevolent state and an enlightened public opinion can give them.

Whoever has seen a trim small library in an isolated community, with its rows of classics and shelves of new books offering relief from the monotony of village existence, knows what the library is to the rural districts. Whoever has watched the ranks of readers poring over their books in the libraries of the great cities realizes the enormous impetus to culture that they afford. The more complicated living grows, the more it knows of hurly-burly and the less it has of leisurely contemplation, the more essential is it that whatever forces make for light and leadi[illegible] have full play. Among them none is mor[illegible] ith possibility than the library, none more [illegible] accessible to those who would seek it, none more necessary to be fostered. We should deem it absurd to utter so trite a generalization did not the facts confront its universal currency. Evidently there are still those who doubt the worth of the library. There can be

no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on.

Grandeur of Ghosts

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON

WHEN I have heard small talk about great men
I climb to bed; light my two candles; then
Consider what was said; and put aside
What Such-a-one remarked and Someone-else replied.

They have spoken lightly of my deathless friends,
(*Lamps for my gloom, hands guiding where I stumble,*)
Quoting, for shallow conversational ends,
What Shelley shrilled, what Blake once wildly muttered . . .

How can they use such names and be not humble?
I have sat silent; angry at what they uttered.
The dead bequeathed them life; the dead have said
What these can only memorize and mumble.

This Week

"The Torch-Bearers." Reviewed by *Sir Oliver Lodge.*

"Edward Everett." Reviewed by *M. A. DeWolfe Howe.*

"The Public Life." Reviewed by *Sir A. Maurice Low.*

"The Thunderstorm." Reviewed by *A. Hamilton Gibbs.*

"A History of Agriculture." Reviewed by *Nelson Antrim Crawford.*

"St. Mawr." Reviewed by *Louis Kronenberger.*

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Next Week, or Later

Essays by *Rebecca West, H. M. Tomlinson, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, John Galsworthy.*

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American Fiction

By VIRGINIA WOOLF

EXCURSIONS into the literature of a foreign country much resemble our travels abroad. Sights that are taken for granted by the inhabitants seem to us astonishing; however well we seemed to know the language at home, it sounds differently on the lips of those who have spoken it from birth; and above all, in our desire to get at the heart of the country we seek out whatever it may be that is most unlike what we are used to, and declaring this to be the very essence of the French or American genius proceed to lavish upon it a credulous devotion, to build up upon it a structure of theory which may well amuse, annoy, or even momentarily enlighten those who are French or American by birth.

The English tourist in American literature wants above all things something different from what he has at home. For this reason the one American writer whom the English whole-heartedly admire is Walt Whitman. There, you will hear them say, is the real American undisguised. In the whole of English literature there is no figure which resembles his—among all our poetry none in the least comparable to "Leaves of Grass." This very unlikeness becomes a merit, and leads us, as we steep ourselves in the refreshing unfamiliarity, to become less and less able to appreciate Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, who have had their counterparts among us and drew their culture from our books. The obsession, whether well or ill founded, fair or unfair in its results, persists at the present moment. To dismiss such distinguished names as those of Henry James, Mr. Hergesheimer, and Mrs. Wharton would be impossible; but their praises are qualified with the reservation—they are not Americans; they do not give us anything that we have not got already.

Thus having qualified the tourist's attitude, in its crudity and onesidedness, let us begin our excursion into modern American fiction by asking what are the sights we ought to see. Here our bewilderment begins; for the names of so many authors, the titles of so many books, rise at once to the lips. Mr. Dreiser, Mr. Cabell, Miss Canfield, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Miss Hurst, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Miss Willa Cather, Mr. Ring Lardner—all have done work which, if time allowed, we should do well to examine carefully, and, if we must concentrate upon two or three at most, it is because, travellers and tourists as we are, it seems best to sketch a theory of the tendency of American fiction from the inspection of a few important books rather than to examine each writer separately by himself. Of all American novelists the most discussed and read in England at the present moment are probably Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Sinclair Lewis. And among all their fiction we find one volume, "A Story Teller's Story," which, being fact rather than fiction, may serve as interpreter, may help us to guess the nature of American writers' problems before we see them tussled with or solved. Peering over Mr. Sherwood Anderson's shoulder, we may get a preliminary view of the world as it looks to the novelist before it is disguised and arranged for the reception of his characters. Indeed, if we look over Mr. Anderson's shoulder, America appears a very strange place. What is it that we see here? A vast continent, scattered here and there with brand new villages which nature has not absorbed into herself with ivy and moss, summer and winter, as in England, but man has built recently, hastily, economically, so that

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the village is like the suburb of a town. The slow English wagons are turned into Ford cars; the primrose banks have become heaps of old tins; the barns, sheds of corrugated iron. It is cheap, it is new, it is ugly, it is made of odds and ends, hurriedly flung together, loosely tied in temporary cohesion—that is the burden of Mr. Anderson's complaint. And, he proceeds to ask, how can the imagination of an artist take root here, where the soil is stony and the imagination stubs itself upon the rocks? There is one solution and one only—by being resolutely and defiantly American. Explicitly and implicitly that is the conclusion he reaches; that is the note which turns the discord to harmony. Mr. Anderson is forever repeating over and over like a patient hypnotizing himself, "I am the American man." The words rise in his mind with the persistency of a submerged but fundamental desire. Yes, he is the American man; it is a terrible misfortune; it is an enormous opportunity; but for good or for bad, he is the American man. "Behold in me the American man striving to become an artist, to become conscious of himself, filled with wonder concerning himself and others, trying to have a good time and not fake a good time. I am not English, Italian, Jew, German, Frenchman, Russian. What am I?" Yes, we may be excused for repeating, what is he? One thing is certain—whatever the American man may be he is not English; whatever he may become, he will not become an Englishman.

* * *

For that is the first step in the process of being American—to be not English. The first step in the education of an American writer is to dismiss the whole army of English words which have marched so long under the command of dead English generals. He must tame and compel to his service the "little American words;" he must forget all that he learnt in the school of Fielding and Thackeray; he must learn to write as he talks to men in Chicago barrooms, to men in the factories of Indiana. That is the first step; but the next step is far more difficult. For having decided what he is not, he must
ed to discover what he is. This is the begin-
of a stage of acute self-consciousness which
fests itself in writers otherwise poles asunder.
...ing, indeed, surprises the English tourist more than the prevalence of this self-consciousness and the bitterness, for the most part against England, with which it is accompanied. One is reminded constantly of the attitude of another race, till lately subject and still galled by the memory of its chains. Women writers have to meet many of the same problems that beset Americans. They too are conscious of their own peculiarities as a sex; apt to suspect insolence, quick to avenge grievances, eager to shape an art of their own. In both cases all kinds of consciousness—consciousness of self, of race, of sex, of civilization—which have nothing to do with art, have got between them and the paper, with results that are, on the surface at least, unfortunate. It is easy enough to see that Mr. Anderson, for example, would be a much more perfect artist if he could forget that he is an American; he would write better prose if he could us all words impartially, new or old, English or American, classical or slang.

Nevertheless as we turn from his autobiography to his fiction we are forced to own (as some women writers also make us own) that to come fresh to the world, to turn a new angle to the light, is so great an achievement that for its sake we can pardon the bitterness, the self-consciousness, the angularity which inevitably go with it. In "The Triumph of the Egg" there is some rearrangement of the old elements of art which makes us rub our eyes. The feeling recalls that with which we read Chekhov for the first time. There are no familiar handles to lay hold of in "The Triumph of the Egg." The stories baffle our efforts, slip through our fingers and leave us feeling, not that it is Mr. Anderson, who has failed us, but that we as readers have muffed our work and must go back, like chastened schoolchildren, and spell the lesson over again in the attempt to lay hold of the meaning.

Mr. Anderson has bored into that deeper and warmer layer of human nature which it would be frivolous to ticket new or old, American or European. In his determination to be "true to the essence of things" he has fumbled his way into something genuine, persistent, of universal significance, in proof of which he has done what, after all, very few writers succeed in doing—he has made a world of his own. It is a world in which the senses flourish; it is dominated by instincts rather than by ideas; race horses make the hearts of little boys beat high; cornfields flow around the cheap towns like golden seas, illimitable and profound; everywhere boys and girls are dreaming of voyages and adventures, and this world of sensuality and instinctive desire is clothed in a warm cloudy atmosphere, wrapped about in a soft caressing envelope, which always seems a little too loose to fit the shape. Pointing to the formlessness of Mr. Anderson's work, the vagueness of his language, his tendency to land his stories softly in a bog, the English tourist would say that all this confirms him in his theory of what is to be expected of an American writer of insight and sincerity. The softnes, the shellessness of Mr. Anderson are inevitable since he has scooped out from the heart of America matter which has never been confined in a shell before. He is too much enamoured of this precious stuff to squeeze it into any of those old and intricate poems which the art and industry of Europe have secreted. Rather he will leave what he has found exposed, defenceless, naked to scorn and laughter.

But if this theory holds good of the work of American novelists, how then are we to account for the novels of Mr. Sinclair Lewis? Does it not explode at the first touch of "Babbitt" and "Main Street" and "Our Mr. Wrenn" like a soap bubble dashed against the edge of a hard mahogany wardrobe? For it is precisely by its hardness, its efficiency, its compactness that Mr. Lewis's work excels. Yet he also is an American; he also has devoted book after book to the description and elucidation of America. Far from being shelless, however, his books, one is inclined to say, are all shell; the only doubt is whether he has left any room for the snail. At any rate "Babbitt" completely refutes the theory that an American writer, writing about America, must necessarily lack the finish, the technique, the power to model and control his material which one might suppose to be the bequest of an old civilization to its artists. In all these respects, "Babbitt" is the equal of any novel written in English in the present century. The tourist therefore must make his choice between two alternatives. Either there is no profound difference between English and American writers, and their experience is so similar that it can be housed in the same form; or Mr. Lewis has modelled himself so closely upon the English—H. G. Wells is a very obvious master—that he has sacrificed his American characteristics in the process. But the art of reading would be simpler and less adventurous than it is if writers could be parcelled out in strips of green and blue. Study of Mr. Lewis more and more convinces us that the surface appearance of downright decision is deceptive; the outer composure hardly holds together the warring elements within; the colors have run.

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For though "Babbitt" would appear as solid and authentic a portrait of the American business man as can well be painted, certain doubt runs across us and shake our conviction. But, we may ask, where all is so masterly, self-assured and confident, what foothold can there be for doubt to lodge upon? To begin with we doubt Mr. Lewis himself: we doubt that is to say that he is nearly as sure of himself or of his subject as he would have us believe. For he, too, though in a way very different from Mr. Anderson's way, is writing with one eye on Europe, a division of attention which the reader is quick to feel and resent. He too has the American self-consciousness though it is masterfully suppressed, and allowed only to utter itself once or twice in a sharp cry of bitterness ("Babbitt was as much amused by the antiquated provincialism as any proper Englishman by any American.") But the uneasiness is there. He has not identified himself with America; rather he has constituted himself the guide and interpreter between the Americans and the English, and, as he conducts his party of Europeans over the typical American city (of which he is a native) and shows them the typical American citizen (to whom he is related) he is equally divided between shame at what he has to show and anger at the Europeans for laughing at it. Zenith is a despicable place, but the English are even more despicable for despising it.

In such an atmosphere intimacy is impossible. All that a writer of Mr. Lewis's powers can do is to be unflinchingly accurate and more and more on his guard against giving himself away. Accordingly, never was so complete a model of a city made before. We turn on the taps and the water runs; we press a button and cigars are lit and beds warmed. But this glorification of machinery, this lust for "toothpastes, socks, tires, cameras, instantaneous hot water bottles. . . at first the signs, then the substitutes for joy and passion and wisdom" is only a device for putting off the evil day which Mr. Lewis sees looming ahead. However he may dread what people will think of him, he must give himself away. Babbitt must be proved to possess some share in truth and beauty, some character, some emotion of his own, or Babbitt will be nothing but an improved device for running motor cars, a convenient surface for the display of mechanical ingenuity. To make us care for Babbitt—that was his problem. With this end in view Mr. Lewis shamefacedly assures us that Babbitt has his dreams. Stout though he is, this elderly business man dreams of a fairy child waiting at a gate. "Her dear and tranquil hand caressed his cheek. He was gallant and wise and well-beloved; warm ivory were her arms; and beyond perilous moors the brave sea glittered." But that is not a dream; that is simply the protest of a man who has never dreamed in his life but is determined to prove that dreaming is as easy as shelling peas. What are dreams made of—the most expensive dreams? Seas, fairies, moors? Well, he will have a little of each, and if that is not a dream, he seems to demand, jumping out of bed in a fury, what then is it? With sex relations and family affection he is much more at ease. Indeed it would be impossible to deny that if we put our ears to his shell, the foremost citizen in Zenith can be heard moving cumbrously but unmistakably within. One has moments of affection for him, moments of sympathy and even of desire that some miracle may happen, the rock be cleft asunder, and the living creature, with his capacity for fun, suffering, and happiness be set at liberty. But no; his movements are too sluggish; Babbitt will never escape; he will die in his prison bequeathing only the chance of escape to his son.

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In some such way as this, then, the English tourist makes his theory embrace both Mr. Anderson and Mr. Sinclair Lewis. Both suffer as novelists from being American; Mr. Anderson, because he must protest his pride; Mr. Lewis, because he must conceal his bitterness. Mr. Anderson's way is the less injurious to him as an artist, and his imagination is the more vigorous of the two. He has gained more than he has lost by being the spokesman of a new country, the worker in fresh clay. Mr. Lewis it would seem was meant by nature to take his place with Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett, and had he been born in England would undoubtedly have proved himself the equal of these two famous men. Denied however the richness of an old civilization—the swarm of ideas upon which the art of Mr. Wells has battened, the solidity of custom which has nourished the art of Mr. Bennett—he has been forced to criticize rather than to explore, and the object of his criticism—the civilization of Zenith—was unfortunately too meagre to sustain him. Yet a little reflection, and a comparison between Mr. Anderson and Mr. Lewis, put a different color on our conclusion. Look at Americans as an American, see Mrs. Opal Emerson Mudge as she is herself, not as a type and symbol of America displayed for the amusement of the condescending Britisher, and then, we dimly suspect, Mrs. Mudge is no type, no scarecrow, no abstraction. Mrs. Mudge is—but it is not for an English writer to say what. He can only peep and peer between the chinks of the barrier and hazard the opinion that Mrs. Mudge and the Americans generally are, somehow, human beings into the bargain.

That suspicion suddenly becomes a certainty as we read the first pages of Mr. Ring Lardner's "You Know Me, Al," and the change is bewildering. Hitherto we have been kept at arms' length, reminded constantly of our superiority, of our inferiority, of the fact, anyhow, that we are alien blood and bone. But Mr. Lardner is not merely unaware that we differ; he is unware that we exist. When a crack player is in the middle of an exciting game of baseball he does not stop to wonder whether the audience likes the color of his hair. All his mind is on the game. So Mr. Lardner does not waste a moment when he writes in thinking whether he is using American slang or Shakespeare's English; whether he is remembering Fielding or forgetting Fielding; whether he is proud of being American

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Pioneers of Science

THE TORCH-BEARERS. Vol. II. The Book of Earth. By ALFRED NOYES. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by SIR OLIVER LODGE

IT has long been my conviction that sooner or later the achievements of scientific workers, and the knowledge of the material universe they have laboriously acquired, would become the theme of poetry and music; so that operas, for instance, need not be limited to the ordinary social and personal emotions with which they are now mainly concerned, and so that the labors and mistakes and gropings and insight of men of genius might become the theme of epic poems and oratorios and works of art generally. This however seems only possible or likely when the knowledge of the results and processes has become comparatively widespread, through the higher education of mankind generally. We are certainly a long way from that condition of things as yet, and accordingly any complete utilization of science as a theme for art must still lie in the somewhat distant future. But even now Mr. Alfred Noyes has made a beginning, and the ambitious attempt should be heartily welcomed. Perhaps it is true to say that a beginning was made long ago, though on a very inadequate foundation of Natural Knowledge. Lucretius attempted to throw into poetry his conception of what might be considered an atomic theory. Milton glorified the old Ptolemaic astronomy, and foreshadowed dim indications of the possible revolution by Copernicus and Galileo. Browning, in his imaginative poem "Paracelsus," expresses the hopes and anticipations of a scientific explorer beginning to feel the immensity of the universe and the half-comprehended spiritual bearing of such material knowledge as was then within his grasp.

* * *

But none of these writers had the least inkling of the tremendous developments of modern science, or of the astonishing insight we are beginning to get into the intimate and supersensual processes of nature, as revealed not only by telescope, microscope, spectroscope, but by speculations and mathematically-drawn inferences, which have led to a condition of knowledge almost infinitely or at least overpoweringly beyond that of previous generations. Already in the early years of the twentieth century, discoveries have been made, in Astronomy, in Physics, in Chemistry, and in Biology,—utilizing and developing that great epoch of activity, the nineteenth century, and carrying on that work,—which have led to an amount of knowledge such as can only be fully appreciated in fragments by specialists, no one of whom at present is competent to take a generally intelligible and comprehensive survey. Indeed the work is still going on, and going on fast. It will be long before it can be appreciated by the multitude, and therefore long before artists of genius, however enthusiastic they themselves may feel, can use it for a theme likely to evoke general response. But, of the older scientific discoveries, some vague notion is already begining to penetrate the minds of ordinarily educated people; and here and there the line of advance has been marked by dramatic incidents which may be seized upon for purposes of artistic representation. Astronomy is perhaps the most developed science, and we can now look back on the early history of Astronomy with some even general appreciation of the stages through which it has passed, as typified by the great names which stand as milestones along its course, such as Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, Descartes, Newton. The work of these pioneers of science, and the hardships and persecutions and difficulties through which they passed, have already been described in prose; and in an earlier volume Mr. Alfred Noyes seized these writings and, with a genius and inspiration of his own, assimilated and converted them into poetry. The life history and work of these men was the theme of his earlier volume called "The Torch-Bearers." He indicated then that that work was only a beginning, and that he hoped to carry the same plan forward in connection with other branches of science and down to more recent times.

His second volume, a continuation of "The Torch-Bearers," specially devoted to earth knowledge, which in sub-title he calls "The Book of Earth," has just appeared, and like his first volume should be welcomed by all who desire the public dissemination and assimilation of the achievements of mankind; for thereby the attempt is made to enable us all to enter into the difficulties, the feelings, and the aspirations of the leaders of the race. This second volume begins like the first with ancient times, and tries to lead us through the stages by which we have become acquainted with the aspects of the planet on which we live, and with the birth of the sciences which we now call Geology and Biology.

Mr. Noyes's method, in this as in his previous volume, is to throw himself back in time, so as sympathetically to represent the feelings and gradual glimmerings of the past, as if he were a sympathetic and privileged spectator; picking out, as before, certain typical individuals, and displaying what he conceives to be their thoughts and hopes, and the way in which their discoveries might have appealed to them at the time; utilizing for this purpose any recorded fragments of conversation or speech or writing, and amplifying these fragments by sympathetic and dramatic interpretation.

So it was that in the earlier volume he pictured with great skill the attitude of Copernicus entrusted with the portentous discovery of the place of the earth among the other heavenly bodies,—he himself dimly realizing some of the consequences that must follow from that revelation. Then Mr. Noyes went on to the accurate experimental and observational work of Tycho Brahe, the Dane, the brilliant mathematical guesses and deductions of law by Kepler, the establishment of the foundations of mechanics and the great telescopic discoveries of Galileo, and then the astonishing and almost superhuman mathematical legislation of Newton, which introduced into science a method of precise reasoning and deduction far in advance of anything known before, and on the strength of which we have been working ever since;—though it seems inevitable that Newtonian methods must be at present rather beyond or outside the scope of any known kind of poetry. He concluded that volume with a kind of survey or summary of the whole pageant put into the mouth of one of the Herschels.

In the present volume he follows somewhat the same plan, taking as his typical representatives Pythagoras, Aristotle, Leonardo, Linnæus, Lamarck, Goethe, and Darwin, introducing incidentally many others, such as Pascal, Buffon, Cuvier, Lyell, and other less known names.

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This volume, which deals with the study of the earth, its natural features, its fossils, its living creatures, and the problems and possibilities underlying them all, opens with a vision of the Grand Canyon in Colorado as one of the most impressive of terrestrial scenes—the relics of whose time-expunged and distorted and superposed strata speak of extravagant antiquity. Then it goes back to early human efforts of knowledge, as sympathetically seen by one who in imagination can revisit and gain glimpses of the past. So onwards, through a variety of imaginative incidents, and the dangerous turmoil of a people's revolution. The volume concludes, curiously but impressively, with the comparatively modern conflict between science and theology, as dramatized by the well known episode of the verbal controversy between Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce at a British Association Meeting in Oxford. The methods of controversy are here well exemplified: the triumph of Huxley as he stands for the honor of science, as opposed to the frivolous dependence on documents dating from times of comparative ignorance, and as denouncing the obscurantism so constantly associated with professional dependence on tradition,—this is brought out on the one hand, and then it is shown how this triumphant certainty of opposition to falseness and prejudice is nevertheless combined with humility and doubt, when confronted, not with the ravings of men but with the eternal grandeur of nature herself. The author here perceives and sympathizes with the mind of the later Huxley, as represented in his Romanes Lecture and other utterances,—his deep reverence before the Inscrutable, combined with ruthless exposure of all that he perceived to be false and harmful and contrary to what he had already perceived of truth.

This double attitude, the controversial fierceness or even arrogance, and the personal charm and innate modesty, of Huxley, is further emphasized, in sequel to this Oxford incident, by the poet, when, after glorying in the triumphant success in upholding full-blown Darwinism at the meeting he proceeds:—

> And yet, and yet, the victor knew too well
> His victory had a relish of the dust
> . . . . .
> And, if he had struck his enemy down for truth,
> He had struck him down with weapons he despised.
> . . . He had proclaimed
> A fragment of a truth which, he knew well,
> Left the true Cause in darkness.
> . . . . .
> He saw the way of the Power, but not the Power
> Determining the way.
> . . . He could not think
> That chance decreed the boundless march of law
> He saw in the starry heavens; . . . and he knew well
> That, even in the living eye that saw them,
> The self-same Power that bound the starry worlds
> Controlled a myriad atoms, every one
> An ordered system. . . . And in each growing flower . . .

No, the theory of the origin of species, as of the origin of everything else, remained unknown.

Parliament and Fleet Street

THE PUBLIC LIFE. By J. A. SPENDER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 2 vols. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by SIR A. MAURICE LOW

IN the days when men of mighty intellect led the Liberal party of England and ruled the British Empire, sometimes, it is true, making rather a botch of things, and at other times setting a fine example of courage and unselfishness, Mr. J. A. Spender was one of its hierophants. Brought up amidst the clatter of the presses of Fleet Street, he became eventually the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* and made it a power. Mr. Spender belongs to the old school of journalism. When one talks of a man being of the "old school," it is usually a term of polite but veiled contempt; a sneer at the old fogey who has stood still while the world has gone hurrying by. I use the expression in no invidious sense, but to convey in a word the manner of man he is. A great London newspaper of an age now gone was content with a small circulation and resorted to no "stunts" or other catchpenny schemes to gain subscribers; its Editor was less keen after "news"—an uncertain quantity—than he was insistent upon reasoned opinion, accuracy, and good English. Slang was the argot of the lower classes, but offensive to cultured persons who leisurely read newspapers written for the cultured. Perhaps those newspapers were stodgy, certainly they were not exciting; they no longer satisfied an age of jazz and flapperdom and motor cars hurling themselves upon the unprotected pedestrian and rushing off to seek fresh victims.

With a change in manners came a change in political fashions. The Liberal party, ruled by the well born educated in the classical tradition, was seized by men who had neither pedigree nor fortune to distinguish them from the mass; or perhaps it was not so much revolution as the natural evolution of democracy. The social gulf separating Gladstone and Lloyd George is as wide as that which flows between Jefferson and Bryan. The Liberal party of England and the Democratic party of the United States, theoretically spiritually akin, have during the last few years gone the same road. Gladstone majorities have dwindled to a negligible minority. In the House of Commons the Labor party is now the official Opposition; the Liberal party, under the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George, is an insignificant *bloc*.

Mr. Spender, to whom Mr. Gladstone was the greatest of them all and Mr. Asquith his spiritual heir, regrets this, but he is too much of a philosopher to despair. He has seen the development of parliamentary government in England and the growth of popular representation. He gives as a background a vivid and entertaining sketch of England in the time of Walpole; when the House of Commons was the playground and possession of the great titled families and English politics were as corrupt and rotten as the world has ever known. It is an era of which no Englishman can be proud, and of which no Englishman need be ashamed. It was a day of low and loose morality in public and private life, and the Englishman was no better than his day. Men dissipated their fortunes on the turn of a card or the throw of the dice and drank heavily. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Spender relates, was once asked how it was possible for Pitt to deliver a great oration after drinking three bottles of port. You must remember, Gladstone replied, that he was addressing an assembly very few members of which had con-

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Lawrence's Latest

ST. MAWR. By D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THE novels of D. H. Lawrence show variety in unity: all of them have much in common, yet each of them is different and unique. His unmistakable personality and style and outlook upon life make it impossible not to recognize a book of his at once; but it is equally impossible to imagine the substance of the book. His interest in life is too wide, his knowledge too deep, his own development too steady. Thus his latest novel has much in common with his former ones; indeed it firmly consolidates, for the first time in one book, their separate qualities. But it has also, as the others have not and do not much suggest, one new and unique creation, the horse St. Mawr.

With every right St. Mawr should become the figure for praise and remembrance in the book he gives his name, for he is one of Lawrence's finest creations and one of the finest horses in literature. He is a great horse, a great physical creation, and it is only after we have him as a great horse that we can allow him to play his part in Lou Carrington's highly neurotic life.

Lou Carrington and her mother Mrs. Witt are two American women who have moved over Europe as fleeting characters in all the varieties of European existence. Lou is satisfactorily enough married to a young baronet, but she lacks contentment. Men in whom the original life-force is played out weary her with their love and their cleverness. In St. Mawr's arrogant avoidance of others, in his untouched vitality and sense of mystical wonder, she finds a symbol of what she seeks. Again in a half-breed groom Phœnix she finds a living within oneself and isolation from life which charm and interest her. Her mother is a far different woman and a far more interesting one. She has lived more directly than Lou and now, at middle-age, she subsists by indirect contact: by ically and acridly taking in everything that she , by criticizing, by destroying. She too is attcted by a groom—St. Mawr's—who cherishes his individualism; but he feels too insulted by her manner to consider the idea of marriage she broaches. The two women, the two grooms, and St. Mawr leave England and go to America. Here Lou's disillusionment becomes complete when St. Mawr violates what perfection she had accorded him and grows interested in a Texas mare, and when Phœnix re-establishes himself in his native world of Indian women. To escape the captivities of life and sex, and so far as possible achieve her own inner soul, she buys a tumble-down ranch in New Mexico where she and her infinitely weary mother settle down.

The treatment in this novel is ironical, the tone is negative, the chief emotions are impotence and disillusionment. A single spirit of pure and incorruptible vitality is found for a while in the horse, but even he succumbs at last to the attractions of a mare, and the book ends diminuendo. But in spite of the negative quality of its action, "St. Mawr" shows Lawrence in full command of his powers, even if he but uses them in moderation. The faucet is not turned fully on, but the water flows clearly and continuously. The note of irony, for instance, which pervades the book from the beginning and is almost incarnate in Mrs. Witt, is sustained throughout. Partly because of this, and partly because the book consolidates Lawrence's many qualities without letting any of them run off with him, "St. Mawr" has balance. Its probings and analyses, if they break no new ground, are clear and relevant; its style, as richly cumulative as ever, is less idiocratic and more normal; its narrative, though it moves downhill and is in one mass without a single chapter break, is straightforward. In these respects, if Lawrence has plowed the field no deeper, he has yoked his horses more firmly together. In respect of the two women, neither characterization is very great. On the intellectual side Mrs. Witt is a rather brilliant achievement; but she has less of life about her than of Lawrence's own acrid wittiness. However much others may find in it, I cannot attach importance to the relationship between her and St. Mawr other than that the horse is a mere symbol of what she desires. And there is really nothing important about Mr. Lawrence's use of American women and of the American scene. His recent visit to New Mexico enables him to picture it accurately and almost autochthonously with a great deal of scenic beauty. But like the nationality of the two women, it has only a geographical significance. Such superficial aspects count for little in the novels of D. H. Lawrence: whatever he beholds is transmuted by the eye of the beholder.

A Yankee Victorian

EDWARD EVERETT, ORATOR AND STATESMAN. By PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. 2 vols. $6.00.

Reviewed by M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

Author of "Barrett Wendell and His Letters"

THERE are books for the older generation and books for the younger. This, on the face of it, is a book for the fathers of the older, for the grandfathers of the younger, generation. Edward Everett died more than sixty years ago, at the age of seventy-one, three months before the end of our Civil War. He was a notable figure of the period which came then to a close. A biography of him published within ten years of his death would, in the very nature of the case, have made a powerful appeal to the interest and curiosity of the American public. Such a book was expected for many years from his brilliant, erratic, and adoring son, William Everett. The expectation was never fulfilled, and now, the great name of Edward Everett having shrunk to little more than a name, the Rev. Dr. P. R. Frothingham, a grand-nephew of Mrs. Edward Everett, has performed, and admirably performed, the long-deferred task.

In a recent address in England the late Dr. A. C. Benson laid the shortcomings of biography to the present-day conception of death. "Death," he is credited with saying, "was such a blow to the circle of friends and relations that it seemed to change their whole view of the departed, and his character was invested with a sort of sacredness . . . The biographer was faced with passionate emotion and intense hero worship . . . As long as these things remained, biography must continue to be a tame, reticent, sentimental, and insincere art." In this view of the matter—essentially a sound view—it is just as well that William Everett did not write the biography, which would have been far more liable to such limitations at his filial hands than at those of a great-nephew by marriage. Dr. Frothingham, indeed, stands at a fortunate distance from his subject, both in relationship and in time. There is at once enough of inherited respect and of detachment to secure a just appraisal of qualities, motive, and achievement. The penality of the long delay in taking up the subject at all is that the interest of the book is rather historical than acutely personal.

* * *

Yet a very definite personality projects itself from these pages. Dr. Frothingham did well, in framing his title, to place the emphasis of priority on the word "Orator." In the golden age of American oratory—with Webster, Choate, and others setting a high standard of performance—Everett, from the beginning of his career to its very end, held a place in the front rank of eloquence. Sometimes his gift got him into difficulties, as when, in the full flood of felicitous speech, on his first important appearance on the floor of Congress, he was beguiled, quite gratuitously, into what was interpreted by many as a defense of the institution of slavery—an ineptitude which cost him dear through all his days. In a time when the national life had many symptoms of sickness, and the patient was a fit subject for heroic treatment, Everett's prescriptions were constantly for moderation and compromise. The reformers would none of him, and even his early admirer Emerson exclaimed in his diary, "It is in vain for sugar to try to be salt."

In justification of Everett's consistent occupancy of the "middle ground," his biographer declares: "He was a clergyman in politics. He endeavored from first to last to employ the principles of the pulpit and to practise the gentle virtues of the Ministry of Religion amid all the heat and dust of the political arena." This explains Everett in part, but there are words of his own which, all undesignedly, throw a revealing light upon his nature. "I"—he once said of himself—"who, as far as *hot water* is concerned, have a perfect hydrophobia"; and, even so late as the day before his sixtieth birthday, he had the clearness of vision to declare, "I am not *pachydermatous* enough." To a certain thinness of skin many of the changes in his varied life were due. It is a charitable statement on the part of his biographer that "nothing daunted him unless it were monotony."

But into what a variety of experience did his combined sensitiveness and horror of monotony lead him! Minister of an important Boston church at nineteen, appointed Professor of Greek at Harvard at twenty-one, with a provision for four years of study and travel in Europe before taking up his work, abandoning his professorship after a brief term, during which he was also editor of the *North American Review*, to enter the House of Representatives in Washington, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, President of Harvard, United States Senator, Secretary of State, and at the last, as at the beginning, famed especially for his commanding power of public speech—rarely has an American enjoyed such opportunities for public service and personal influence. There was, in fact, hardly an American of his time so enriched through personal relations with the most significant men and women of the Victorian period, and the years immediately preceding it, both in America and Europe. His biography abounds in reference to these figures, from Sir Walter Scott to Webster and Lincoln—references to which it is possible merely to allude in this place.

* * *

"Some of the orations would have been better," shrewdly observes Everett's biographer, "if they had not been so good." If the man himself—one feels after reading the record of his life—had not been so perfect a product of what were counted the most civilizing influences of his time, he would have held a securer place among its greatest men. Everything conspired to his taking himself with the utmost seriousness. All the favors of heaven seemed to be his for the asking. He was, however, not always innocent of misgivings and self-criticism. One seldom likes him better than when he laughs at himself, almost as a second Mr. Winkle, on a shooting-party in England. To still greater advantage he appears immediately after the day at Gettysburg when Lincoln's address produced a negligible effect and his own oration was hailed as a masterpiece, for he then wrote to the President: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in ten minutes." His wholehearted support of Lincoln, after he himself had run for the vice-presidency on an opposing ticket in 1860, gave to the final years of his life a glowing hue of patriotism which the highly colored words of preceding decades had somehow failed to effect. To the circumstances of these war-time years the biographer owes his fortunate freedom from any necessity of explanations and reservations in parting from his subject.

The book fills an important gap in the biographical history of the nineteenth century. It is a truer book than any "authorized" biographer would have been likely to make it fifty or sixty years ago. And it shows afresh, what several other recent biographies have shown, that without previous experience in the art of biography, a writer adequately equipped with a sense of proportion, with background, and with taste, possesses the essential qualifications for an important biographical task.

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or ashamed of not being Japanese; all his mind is on the story. Hence all our minds are on the story. Hence, incidentally, he writes the best prose that has come our way. Hence we feel at last freely admitted to the society of our fellows.

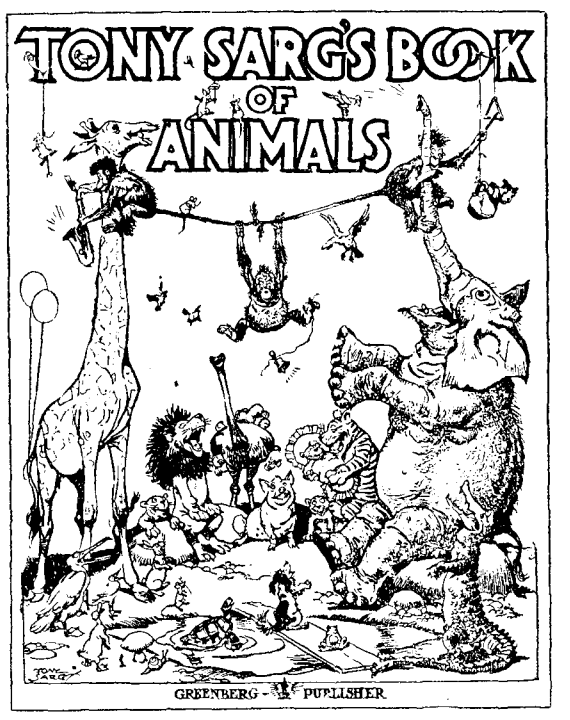
That this should be true of "You Know Me, Al," a story about baseball, a game which is not played in England, a story written often in a language which is not English, gives us pause. To what does he owe his success? Besides his unconsciousness and the additional power which he is thus free to devote to his art, Mr. Lardner has talents of a remarkable order. With extraordinary ease and aptitude, with the quickest strokes, the surest touch, the sharpest insight he lets Jack Keefe the baseball player cut out his own outline, fill in his own depths, until the figure of the foolish, boastful, innocent athlete lives before us. As he babbles out his mind on paper there rises up friends, sweethearts, the scenery, town, and country—all surround him and make him up in his completeness. We gaze into the depths of a society which goes its ways intent on its own concerns. There, perhaps, is one of the elements of Mr. Lardner's success. He is not merely himself intent on his own game, but his characters are equally intent on theirs. It is no coincidence that the best of Mr. Lardner's stories are about games, for one may guess that Mr. Lardner's interest in games has solved one of the most difficult problems of the American writer; it has given him a clue, a center, a meeting place for the divers activities of people whom a vast continent isolates, whom no tradition controls. Games give him what society gives his English brother. Whatever the precise reason, Mr. Lardner at any rate provides something unique in its kind, something indigenous to the soil, which the traveller may carry off as a trophy to prove to the incredulous that he has actually been to America and found it a foreign land. But the time has come when the tourist must reckon up his expenses and experiences, and attempt to cast up his account of the tour as a whole.

At the outset let us admit that our impressions are highly mixed and the opinions we have come to, if anything, less definite, less assured than those with which we started. For when we consider the mixed origin of the literature we are trying to understand, its youth, its age, and all those currents which are blowing across the stream of its natural development, we may well exclaim that French is simpler, English is simpler, all modern literatures are simpler to sum up and understand than this new American literature. A discord lies at the root of it; the natural bent of the American is twisted at the start. For the more sensitive he is, the more he must read English literature; the more he reads English literature, the more alive he must become to the puzzle and perplexity of this great art which uses the language on his own lips to express an experience which is not his and to mirror a civilization which he has never known. The choice has to be made—whether to yield or to rebel. The more sensitive, or at least the more sophisticated, the Henry Jameses, the Hergesheimers, the Edith Whartons, decide in favor of England and pay the penalty by exaggerating the English culture, the traditional English good manners, and stressing too heavily or in the wrong places those social differences which, though the first to strike the foreigner, are by no means the most profound. What their work gains in refinement it loses in that perpetual distortion of values, that obsession with surface distinctions—the age of old houses, the glamour of great names—which makes it necessary to remember that Henry James was a foreigner if we are not to call him a snob.

On the other hand, the simpler and cruder writers, like Walt Whitman, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Masters—decide in favor of America, but truculently, self-consciously, protestingly, "showing off" as the nurses would say, their newness, their independence, their individuality. Both influences are unfortunate and serve to obscure and delay the development of the real American literature itself. But, some critics would interpose, are we not making mountains out of molehills, conjuring up distinctions where none exist? The "real American literature" in the time of Hawthorne, Emerson, and Lowell was much of a piece with contemporary English literature, and the present movement towards a national literature is confined to a few enthusiasts and extremists who will grow older and wiser and see the folly of their ways.

But the tourist can no longer accept this comfortable doctrine, flattering though it be to his pride of birth. Obviously there are American writers who do not care a straw for English opinion or for English culture, and write very vigorously none the less—witness Mr. Lardner; there are Americans who have all the accomplishment of culture without a trace of its excess—witness Miss Willa Cather; there are Americans whose aim it is to write a book off their own bat and no one else's—witness Miss Fannie Hurst. But, the shortest tour, the most superficial inspection, must impress him with what is of far greater importance—the fact that where the land itself is so different, and the society so different, the literature must needs differ and differ more and more widely as time goes by from those of other countries.

American literature will be influenced, no doubt, like all others, and the English influence may well predominate. But clearly the English tradition is already unable to cope with this vast land, these prairies, these cornfields, these lonely little groups of men and women scattered at immense distances from each other, these vast industrial cities with their skyscrapers and their night signs and their perfect organization of machinery. It cannot extract their meaning and interpret their beauty. How could it be otherwise? The English tradition is formed upon a little country; its center is an old house with many rooms each crammed with objects and crowded with people who know each other intimately, whose manners, thoughts, and speech are ruled all the time, if unconsciously, by the spirit of the past. But in America there is baseball instead of society; instead of the old landscape which has moved men to emo-



Cover design for the forthcoming "Tony Sarg's Book of Animals" (Greenberg)

tion for endless summers and springs a new land, its tin cans, its prairies, its cornfields flung disorderly about like a mosaic of incongruous pieces waiting order at the artist's hands; while the people are equally diversified into fragments of many nationalities.

To describe, to unify, to make order out of all these severed parts, a new art is needed and the control of a new tradition. That both are in process of birth the language itself gives us proof. For the Americans are doing what the Elizabethans did—they are coining new words. They are instinctively making the language adapt itself to their needs. In England, save for the impetus given by the war, the word coining power has lapsed; our writers vary the metres of their poetry, remodel the rhythms of prose, but one may search English fiction in vain for a single new word. It is significant that when we want to freshen our speech we borrow from America—poppycock, rambunctious, flipflop, booster, goodmixer—all the expressive ugly vigorous slang which creeps into use among us first in talk, later in writing, comes from across the Atlantic. Nor does it need much foresight to predict that when words are being made, a literature will be made out of them. Already we hear the first jars and dissonances, the strangled difficult music of the prelude. As we shut our books and look out again upon the English fields a strident note rings in our ears. We hear the first lovemaking and the first laughter of the child who was exposed by its parents three hundred years ago upon a rocky shore and survived solely by its own exertions and is a little sore and proud and diffident and self-assertive in consequence and is now on the threshold of man's estate.

A Flash of Lightning

THUNDERSTORM. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by A. Hamilton Gibbs
Author of "Soundings"

TO any reader who knows Menaggio, or the twin jewels just across the water, Bellaggio and Cadenabbia, Miss Stern's charmingly written episode of English life in Italy will be a source of undiluted joy,—or nearly so. The charm of the book is complete up to the moment when Miss Stern's flash of lightning rips across the Italian sky and disintegrates the English group. The trouble is that the flash is not the Almighty's, but Miss Stern's; and the effect is rather like turning a spotlight upon a blaze of sunshine, like putting new wine into old bottles, like letting fiction hobnob with fact. For nothing could be more in the nature of fact, more completely true to life than the Italian husband and wife, Ettore and Vana, who, with the dramatic intensity that belong only to the supremely naïve, live a hundred years in a single minute, suffer the pangs of death at the first sympton of an approaching cold in the head, are transported into lyrical ecstasy by the everyday phenomenon of a hen, their hen, laying an egg, and who are as emotionally satisfied by tears as by laughter. These two are not "masterpieces of delicate caricature" as the jacket states. They are masterpieces of realism, portraits of two individuals, of thousands of individuals, who at this moment are climbing the olive slopes anywhere in Italy. These two are the whole book, and it is for her painting of them that Miss Stern wins a wreath of bays. In the happiest manner in the world she has caught their atmosphere and the glamour of it is in every page. The method of their captivation of their English employers by the sheer delight of their personality is a joy to read, and when you find out that of course the English were aware all the time of the little peccadillos that were being committed from day to day and were drawing a subtle pleasure from the knowledge, you settle back to see what is going to happen when the thunderstorm comes on with the warmest appreciation.

* * *

But the storm does not creep up across the sky from a cloud no bigger than a man's hand! It is a storm that you don't quite believe in. You fancy that through it you can hear the creak of the wind machine, the rolling of the balls across the sheet of iron that produces the noise! And all those recognizable and serene English people, who adore their villa and their life and whose sense of humor seems to be operating perfectly, suddenly become unrecognizable and damn each other to hell with a bitterness and a Latin-ness that seem a little too Latin to acquire in only two years residence in Italy. One of the characters asks, when the storm has blown over, "What could have been the matter with us all? I never knew civilized people could be such devils." But as the lapse of time, as stated by the author, is only half an hour from the moment when they were hurling poisoned darts into each other's souls and they are once more as peaceful as if nothing had ever happened, you cannot help thinking again that the storm was a put-up job.

One knows that people can be devils,—even English people. The group selected by Miss Stern have all the makings of quite perfect specimens,—their display of talent leaves no possible room for doubt; but their exhibition fills one with the same startled surprise that would ensue if one's neighbor fired off a million cannon crackers on the fourth of June.

Then, too, it smacks somewhat of a sacrifice of technique on the altar of suspense, to leave the reader peeping unsuccessfully over the character's shoulder to try and read the fatal telegram, towards the end of the book, and then to begin a new part and establish entirely unnecessary persons at some length, only to return to the other scene at the exact point where it was left off. Even the movies are alive to the danger of that. It would have been so simple to avoid wrenching the whole structure in that way by establishing those two, Miss Sophia and the sleeping partner, before the thunderstorm broke, instead of afterwards.

Eliminating for the moment, however, these two bones of contention, it remains true that the first half of the book is, in golfing parlance, a par performance and deserves a round of applause.

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sumed less. From that foul soil blossomed the power of the people, which has made monarchical England a democracy in the best sense of the word.

Mr. Spender regrets the rise of the modern demagogue and the increase of the influence of the popular press; the statesman who has few of the virtues of the old school—delicacy, dignity, patience, and reticence—but whose mind, as he says of Lloyd George, "leapt with that of Fleet Street; he seemed to deal with public affairs as if he were editing a popular newspaper with its 'splash' for every day, its headlines, its pictures." The change in the character of the newspaper brought about the change in the character of the public man. The public was made to become more interested in a football match or a sensational crime than a debate in the House of Commons; the political leader had to compete with the public appetite and make himself as "readable" as the heroes of the gridiron or the beautiful and aristocratic defendant to escape oblivion.

The day of the supremacy of Westminster has gone, or if not gone, at least is in eclipse, and Mr. Spender suggests that in a different but no less pernicious form England is reverting to the oligarchy of Walpole's day with the control of public affairs passing into a few hands. The tendency of journalism in England in the last decade or two is to concentrate into "the hands of a few individuals who are responsible to nobody but themselves a power which is a serious rival to that of Parliament, and upon which in the last resort Parliament depends." This control of a group of newspapers gives the proprietor "a power over the mind and thought of the entire community which far exceeds that of the most powerful patrons of rotten boroughs in pre-reform days." That is a disturbing thought, especially as Mr. Spender tells us, "it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that about six proprietors and a score of writers and editors between them make the entire opinion of the metropolitan press that counts."

Mr. Spender's two volumes are excellent in style, matter, and power of observation. They well repay reading by anyone interested in understanding the causes that have brought about the England of today.

Farming, Old and New

A HISTORY OF AGRICULTURE IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By Norman Scott Brien Gras. New York: F. S. Crofts & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by Nelson Antrim Crawford
U. S. Department of Agriculture

FOR the farmers one might write the epitaph long since written for the Celts: "They went forth to battle, but they always fell." So regularly has this happened that in written history the farmer occupies an extremely small place. Even here in the United States, where agriculture furnishes more than eighty per cent of the raw products for manufactures, the space devoted to farming and the farmer in the school history or even in the large historical source book is inconsequential. Most readers do not notice the omission. The farmer, essential economic factor though he is, has never played a dominant economic or political rôle.

Professor Gras's book is the first effort really to survey European and American agricultural history. In it is a wealth of fact and illustration, sought manifestly through wide and patient research. The author traces agricultural development from its prehistoric beginnings through Roman agrarian policies, mediæval manor life, the agricultural revolution, and the physiocratic enthronement of farming in France, and then devotes the remaining half of the work to the history of agriculture in the United States.

Some years ago Woodrow Wilson, seeking a simile that should represent the extreme of ease in management, expressed the wish that foreign affairs were as simple as agriculture. In this he conformed to the popular urban view that agriculture is exceedingly simple. The facts in Professor Gras's book definitely challenge this theory. They reveal agriculture as highly complex not only in relation to other economic matters but even in its problems of production. The mere matter of crop rotation involves so many difficulties that it developed very late in agricultural history and even today is not carried out with thorough effectiveness in many places.

Numerous other facts new to the general reader —some of them new likewise to the general student of agriculture who has not delved into the history of his subject—appear in the volume. For example, most of us, holding unconsciously the point of view taught to us in early childhood from the first chapters of Genesis, think of farming as the earliest of occupations, whereas it really is comparatively recent in human evolution. Likewise, the free ownership of land, which we are accustomed to think of as long established and as challenged only by Communists, has existed in this country, outside of New England, only since the Revolution. In Europe manorial-feudal tenures still exist, the theory of which is unaffected by the fact that some of them may involve only such quaint and nominal services as holding the head of the King of England when he crosses the Channel.

The author's realistic view of the pioneer is quite different from that which one gathers from orations and popular histories:

> Some of the pioneers, notably the early ones along the Atlantic coast, stuck to their original homes, adopting gradually, as circumstances permitted, practices more nearly akin to those they had left at home. . . . Such persons were pioneers by necessity, not by choice. They did not, as persons, belong to the type. The true pioneer was a character, a disposition, a case. He stood out from his fellows. Like some of the very primitive animals, found surviving here and there, he lived in out-of-the-way places. He would not change his habits to conform to progressive society. And so he found it necessary to move, generally from east to west, but sometimes from north to south. . . . Shiftless and thriftless, he had no capital but the bounty of nature. Pugnacious in spirit, he liked the running fight of the frontier. . . . On the frontier, work and play were one, and profit and adventure went hand in hand. The worst of the pioneers were little more than vagrants; the best were magnificent members of society. All contributed, in high or low degree, to agricultural progress. They blazed the trail; they built the first cabins, and made the earliest clearings; they picked out the fertile soil, and learned which Indians were friendly, which were hostile; they hunted or raised their own food, provided their own clothing of linen, wool, or skins, tanned their own leather, made their own shoes and harness, and many household articles, buying chiefly iron and salt and a few household utensils. And when newcomers arrived ready to buy them out, they obligingly sold their holdings, content to move on and to perform the same functions for others who followed. For these they paved a way that they themselves could not travel. Ever profiting from their heroic efforts, their successors can admire them more for what they did than for what they were.

Most striking of the facts recorded by Professor Gras is the regularity with which farmers have been defeated in their efforts to better their conditions. The repeated failures of peasant revolts in European countries and the abortive political struggles of farmers in the United States bear witness to the age-old tendency.

The fundamental reasons for these failures, however, Professor Gras does not discuss, nor always even mention—the individualism of the farmer, making mass action difficult; his conservatism, causing him naturally to accept the dictates of authority, as when the peasants under Wat Tyler promptly followed the fifteen-year-old King at his mere command and shortly afterward fell on their knees to implore his mercy; his isolation, which has caused him to take a non-realistic view of politics and look for too much from politicians and too little from his own economic organization.

It is in respects such as these that the book is somewhat ineffectual. Generally speaking, the facts are accurately presented, though there are a few notable errors in detail. For instance, the author writes of "kaoliang (sorghum)" as if it were a principal crop. In point of fact, kaoliang is an unimportant grain sorghum, not grown commercially in the United States, although the total grain sorghum acreage in this country is more than five million.

Errors of this character do not detract seriously from the substantial value of the work as a whole. They suggest, however, a deficiency in the author's point of view. He lacks human, firsthand knowledge of farming and the farmer. This accounts not only for the minor errors, but for the writer's excessive caution—he is willing to say, for example, only that "the institution of slavery may have been unfortunate"—and for his failure to put into his book the vivid visualization and the philosophical interpretation necessary to make the pageant of farming live for us on the human stage. Perhaps this is too much to expect in a textbook, a pioneer textbook at any rate. Sometime, however, some one will take the valuable data amassed by Professor Gras and others and will make farming and the farmer, whether of yesterday or today, genuinely articulate.

Mockbeggar

IN the dining room of a little place in Half Moon Street sat a lady—a high and naughty lady—which is not a matter rare enough for comment in these days since Michael Arlen and Aldous Huxley and I took to writing, for as you must have perceived, if you have read our books (as of course you have, for who in England that matters has not or in America, either, if there be any in America that do matter, which is much more than doubtful) all the ladies that we write about are very high—in the sense in which a pheasant, that has been hung overlong, is said to be high. And likewise very naughty.

Now there she sat, this high and naughty lady at table, as you may well believe, for as Vivian Dalmeny,—that vivid valiant Vivian, (by Disraeli out of Vivian Gray, as some cruel and witty person has said)—as Vivian, that Mr. Vivian Tancred Dalmeny of St. Jermyn St., that incredibly witty and debonair young man, once said, to his Majesty the King, at a garden party "What else is a table for, George, if not to sit at? Eh, what the hell, George, old bean?" which is by way of being an epigram, if you know the difference between an epigram and a diagram, which is another, and so on.

And Otter, who was her butler (though why he wasn't Archbishop of Canterbury—as indeed in these days they mostly are—or Prime Minister, is a problem) this Otter placed the soup before her in that strange and silent way, in which butlers place soup before one, though why soup, one of the most melodious of musical instruments, should be silently introduced, I know not.

And the name of this high and naughty lady was Raisehell and her eyes were blacker than this and that and one thing and another, as you must already have known—if you know anything at all (which indeed is a violent assumption—which is another epigram—if not two—).

And her face—which she wore somewhat ostentatiously on the front of her head—(that habit being the only lapse from perfect *esprit de corps* that she ever permitted herself) was a compelling face, it being such a face—as some cruelly witty person, probably myself, has said—that it compelled you to laugh, not so much because it was funny itself, as because it excited funny feelings in others.

So this Otter placed the soup before her. And, in her sudden sort of way, she seized the soup plate and, as I suppose has been done ten thousand times in high life—for as someone, it may have been I, has wittily said, where there's Life, there's Soup, she cast the soup in Otter's eye—which was not the only cast in his eye, for he was cross-eyed already, as Vivian would have said had be been there.

"Very good, Madam," said Otter, immovable, the stately stationary Otter, for, if he had made any movement, he had been an Otter mobile, which is by way of being an excellent jest, as jests go in this book.

"I will go out," said Raisehell the Incomparable "For I am fain. Oh, I am so fain!"

Now, of what she was fain not she herself nor you nor any man might truly surmise, except myself—who know as much of this lady as any other young man of my age—and that other is dead—so, unless I tell you, you shall not know.

II

At 8:15 in the evening of the 32nd of October—if there be any such day in the calendar, of which I cannot be certain, for, like Vivian, I never look at a calendar—this Raisehell of ours, this Raisehell the Impossible, at Picadilly Circus met Vivian Dalmeny.

"You," said she, in her queer and sudden way, "are Vivian Dalmeny."

"How many?" said Vivian. "Which" he explained "is by way of being an epigram."

"I hate you," said she embracing him with both arms and kissing him severely. "I am fain, Vivian. Oh, I am so fain—of something. I know not what. Something to fill the aching void in me."

"Let me give you a gesture," said Vivian "For I believe in living life with a gesture. Life is a jest and all things show it. Let us jest with a gesture. Which," he explained, "is by way of be-

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"Oh," she cried, throttling him with both hands "Stop!" She hurled him to the pavement and in her queer and sudden fashion, she slid away.

III

Mr. Hugh Whittinghame, high-minded, haughty, huge, and haggard Hugh (by Quida out of Under Two Flags, as someone has observed), settled himself for a quiet evening in his chambers. Then must Parker, his man, come and announce a visitor and who should it be but—whom? Why our own Raisehell, of course, Raisehell the Inevitable.

Now who shall tell you of Raisehell, her dress and appearance that night? Why who but I, you ninny! Such a dress she had on, or mostly off, for that was the way she wore it, mostly off, and such a color it was that you wouldnt believe the half of it, though indeed that was about all there was of it to believe, if so much.

Then Raisehell, Raisehell the Indefatigable, threw her wrap carelessly over a chair and her cap carefully over a windmill and you saw—but, there, never mind what you saw, for you did not, you know, see anything, not being there. But Hugh saw—and turned pale, then purple—and what he saw and I saw, never you saw the like of—which is by way of—

"Lafayette" said Raisehell interrupting me "I am here."

"So I see," said Hugh hoarsely. "Yes. I see you're back," which was very clever of him, for, of course, he did, her dress being what it was—or wasn't.

Her arms, like white shimmering satin snakes, went around his neck, as she sank into his lap, this Raisehell of ours, Raisehell the Improper.

"Oh, Hugh," said she, "I am fain. I am fain unto faintness. I have a great longing, Hugh. Fill it for me, Hughie." Her burning lips kissed his.

And Hugh, honest Hugh, horny-handed, hot-headed Hugh, gasped. He seized her wrists, held her from him, devoured her with his eyes.

"Raisehell," he said, "Don't! You mustn't—I mustn't—you don't know what you are saying. Sit there and let's talk it out."

"But I am desperately tired of talk, Hugh. I am human. I want to enjoy life—in an ordinary, healthy, human way—not by talking—Oh, Hughie," she cried, jumping up and catching up her wrap—"forget what I said. Forget it, Hugh. Don't let me tempt you."

And she was suddenly gone.

IV

Herein you are to be the privileged witness of the ending of this story—a rare privilege and a precious, indeed, since it can in the nature of things, though often desired, happen but once. You are in the Strand (God help you). You follow a woman (God forgive you). It is She. You see her meet a man (God pity you). It is he. Raisehell McCluskey, the Invincible, and Charles fyer-Water the Incorruptible.

"Chickie!" she cried, "Oh, Chickie! You won't fail me. Vivian and Hugh—Oh Chickie! I am so fain, so fain of—something. Tell me, Chickie, what it is. And give it me, Chickie. Oh give it me."

And Chickie understood. Chickie, of his simple humanity—of which Vivian the vivacious was incapable, Hugh, the haughty was incapable—acknowledged her right to common human happiness. Chickie knew what she wanted. Ah! trust Chickie.

And in a corner, an intimate corner, of what seemed to her a peculiar place, her desire was satisfied, culinary, normal, healthy, human happiness was hers.

"There is Vivian" she said softly. "But he is so elegant. There is Hugh. But he's so 'igh-minded. Here is Chickie. And he's so human. Yes, Chickie, I think I'll marry you. For I was fain of I knew not what. And lo, it was sossidges—sossidges and mashed potatoes—and you—you have given them me. And oh, Chickie, you are sure a good provider."

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The *Manchester Guardian* says: "Mr. T. P. O'Connor is busily engaged on a work which he has long been pressed to write—his memoirs. His difficulty, as will readily be realized when one remembers the variety and extent of his experiences and his unique knowledge of the public men of Europe and America, is the process of selection. His forty-five years in the House of Commons alone have been so crowded with memorable incidents that it would be difficult to compose them."

The BOWLING GREEN

The Romany Stain

I. OLD GLASS

"NOW here's a beautiful piece," said the little antiquary. "See that color; a real bit of old glass." He handed me a knobby fruit-dish of blue lattice-work. I praised its color and gave it back to him; it seemed to me crude and common, exactly like the cheap glassware on the shelves of a country store where I once worked as a boy. It may have been very old and very beautiful; but who can tell?

II. THE AGNOSTIC

"There are no fairies in New York," she said; "New York is too articulate; to be mute is the essence of fairyishness."

Soft southwestern gold floated through the windows of the roof-garden; light curtains tangled in the breeze, splinters of ice rang in the tall tea-glasses. Behind her, far down town, I could see the blue pagoda of the Woolworth Building.

III. FRAGMENT IN SABLE

"She is very handsome in black; it would not be safe to marry a woman who looks so well in mourning. In fact, it hasn't been."

"Every woman looks well in black, every woman is a potentially beautiful widow."

"That is why the institution of marriage will never be abandoned."

IV. SOLSTICE

The wide lawns are brilliant in the glow of June; pure tranquil fragrant air moves steady and sweet under the old trees. There, where life has been lived long and mannerly, in decent secrecies, still some strangeness lurks. In the library, where green fringe of ivy frames the tall open windows, the moist coolness of a sprinkled garden drifts between the pages of those living dead men, poets. But under the beech boles, outbooks, there is warm coppered shining; such tawny light as gilds the gipsy's knees. Pagan tides of summer, parting round that dyke of brave books, eddy and deepen in hollows on the grass. Not far away, over the old Conestoga Road (have poets ever hearkened those syllables? Come, balladist: a measure for you; *I spent my boyhood walking on the Conestoga Road*) a lettered streamer stretches from side to side. CARNIVAL, it says; but the breeze has folded it on itself so that the IV is concealed.

V. MIDSUMMER NIGHT

Night after night in the silent country: clear stars speckled over the heavy air, the tick of acorns dropping, the maddening attentions of an immigrant buzz-fly hallucinated by the lamp. In the woods now and then a slicing shaft of brightness, some wandering car crumbling over those stony lanes; seeking seclusion, of which there is plenty. There are light footsteps that run mysteriously past; a far halloo of song where an Italian picnic goes trucking down the Mineola road.

Are there nymphs, elves, young kids of Pan in those thickets? There are copses and no cops, said an irreverent student of midsummer nights. Donny, the sheepdog, hears something there that disturbs him. Off he goes; trailing outcry as a rocket trails light; long and long I hear him yelling and viewing with alarm; until others too take up the anger and echo it across half a township. Rage unsettles me; such rage as an anthropomorphic God might feel to see bumpkin spellbinders palavering the mystery of His world.

Donny comes back, breathing hard and muttering to himself; so comic in sincerity that who could get out the strap for a thrashing? And once more I put away the blank paper, and wonder how to set down even one word; one little word to break the dull spell of inaction; one word bold enough to break through into stifled fables in my heart.

VI. TACHE ROMANÉE

After the cool dim stairway it was as if a bomb exploded: heat, brightness, color, burst open like a soft puff of magic. One of my companions, running up from behind, thrust a wine-card under my nose. *Vins Rouges de Bourgogne,* I read; and then, among other names, *Tache Romanée.*

The Romany Stain! I thought of white roads in the sun, blackberries in those Suffolk hedges that I most associate with gipsies, bare feet in the hot floury dust. Of water that comes swirling out under the arches of a millrace; of wine drunk in clean hotels at dusk. What is it in the American temper that inevitably concludes that wine means gluttony, that love means lust? The Romany Stain, the dark blood-colored Eden birthmark that some carry in their hearts. Forgive me: all I said to my companion was, "What a title that would be for a novel."

And late that evening, suddenly in the noisy silence of our Long Island night, I heard the perfect stillness of an old house in Burgundy; the trickle in the moat, the moonlight ebbing round stone towers. The foolish dream of life without struggle and makeshift and pang was for a moment mine. I suppose it's a foolish dream; I don't know.

VII. COMMUNICATION

A man is reported to have rejected a number of "spirit" communications from his dead wife because they do not contain a code-word he and she agreed upon before her death. There is a special reason why attempted communication with the dead, on such silly terms, is probably futile. If the vanished spirit has passed into a dimension beyond our present capacity to imagine, into a realm of Pure Consciousness untainted by the excellent humors of this bodily state, it would not care to communicate with us even if it could. Imagine, by analogy, Mr. Santayana and Mr. Bryan put at opposite ends of a telephone. (I mention them as approximate analogues, respectively, of Sheer Mind and Sheer Human Simplicity.) What would or could they have to say to one another? Mr. Santayana would silently ring off.

VIII. NOSTROMO

A bookseller sent to a great writer, now dead, one of that writer's volumes, asking him to inscribe it. On a slip of paper inserted in the book were some questions, of the general purport "How was this book written?" These inquiries, impertinent probably, are excused by the simplicity of the writer's reply. He said: "Product of two years of steady work and continuous steady grip on my subject."

IX. FOURCHETTE

She knows how pleasant it is to sit still and do nothing. The top of the slanting cellar door is her favorite sprawl. Morning sunshine falls warmly there; it is under the kitchen windows and the nose can get an idea of what the next meal is likely to be. There are many reasons why she likes the cellar door, though she is too lazy to tell them all. It is raised above the garden so she can keep an eye on her children playing under the maple tree. And just below, behind the bushes, is an open window into the cellar. It is convenient to be able to flit in there if anything sudden happens. It's only one jump from the sill to the washtubs, one more to the cellar floor. An experienced mind is always more easy when it knows a sure escape is near. Besides, the old weatherworn gray paint of the doors is just the same color as herself. She looks well lying there, and a cat of good family thinks of these things.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A volume of great rarity, giving impressions of New England as it was 300 years ago, in the days of the Pilgrims, has recently been uncovered in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, of Worcester, Mass. The volume, entitled "New England's Rarities Discovered," was the work of John Josselyn, of Kent, England, one of the earliest arrivals in New England.

The Sconset Summer School, which is to reopen in August, is attempting to appraise American culture, from the historical, racial, economic, and other points of view. Among the writers who are to take part in its informal talks and round table discussions are Fannie Hurst, Waldo Frank, Bruce Bliven, and Arthur M. Schlesinger.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa. After a visit with the Countess of Montevesso, in which he gains a glimpse of the conditions of her life and the political background of her circle, and is startled by the queer half savage niece of her husband, who is sheltered under his roof, Cosmo meets the Countess's father. Later at a reception at the home of the Countess he is introduced to some of the members of her circle, and at the end of the evening makes the acquaintance of her husband. Count Helion tells him that he has been awaiting an opportunity to meet him, and plunges into conversation with him.

"MY occupation kept me late tonight," said the Count. "The courier came in."

He pointed with his fingers to the gazette lying on the floor, and Cosmo asked if there were any news.

"In the gazette, no. At least nothing interesting. The world is full of vanities and scandals, rumours of conspiracies. Very poor stuff. I don't know any of those people the papers mention every day. That's more my wife's affair. For years now she has spent about ten months of every year in Paris or near Paris. I am a provincial. My interests are in the orphanage I have founded in my native country. I am also building an asylum for . . ."

He got up suddenly, approached the mantelpiece in three strides, and turned round exactly like a soldier from the ranks of a company changing front. He was wearing a blue coat cut away in front and showing a long skirt, something recalling the cut of a uniform, though the material was fine and there was a good deal of gold lace about it, as also on his white satin waistcoat. Cosmo recalled the vague story he had heard about Count de Montevesso having served in more than one army before being given the rank of general by the King of Piedmont. The man had been drilled. Cosmo wondered whether he had ever been caned. He was a military adventurer of the commonest type. Some of them have been known to return with a fortune got by pillage and intrigue and possibly even by real talents of a sort in the service of oriental courts full of splendours and crimes, tyrannies and treacheries and dark dramas of ambition, or love.

"He is the very thing," Cosmo exclaimed mentally, gazing at the stiff figure leaning against the mantlepiece. Of course he got his fortune in India. What was remarkable about him was that he had managed to get away with his plunder, or at any rate a part of it, considerable enough to enable him to make a figure in the world and marry Adèle d'Armand in England. That was only because of the Revolution. In royal France he would not have had the ghost of a chance; and even as it was, only the odious laxity of London society in accepting rich strangers had given him his opportunity. Cosmo, forcing himself to envisage this dubious person as the husband of Adèle, felt very angry with the light-minded tolerance extended to foreigners characteristic of a certain part of London society. It was perfectly outrageous.

"Where the devil can my wife be?"

Those words made Cosmo start, though they had not been uttered very loudly. Almost mechanically he answered: "I don't know," and noticed that Count Helion was staring at him in a curiously unintelligent manner.

"I was really asking myself," muttered the latter and stirred uneasily, without however taking his elbow off the mantelpiece. "It's a natural thought since we are, God knows why, kept waiting for her here. I wasn't aware I had spoken. Living for many years amongst people who didn't understand any European language—I had hundreds of them in my palace in Sindh—I got into the habit of talking aloud, strange as it may appear to you."

"Yes," said Cosmo, with an air of innocence. "I suppose one acquires all sorts of strange habits in those distant countries. We in England have a class of men who return from India enriched. They are called nabobs. Some of them have most objectionable habits. Unluckily their mere wealth . . ."

"There is nothing to compare with wealth," interrupted the other in a soldierly voice and paused, then continued in the same tone of making a verbal report: "When I was in England I had the privilege to know many people of position. They were very kind to me. They didn't seem to think lightly of wealth."

Each phrase came curt, detached, but it was evident that the man did not mean to be offensive. Those statements originated obviously in sincere conviction; and after the Count had uttered them there appeared on his forehead the horizontal wrinkles of unintelligent worry. Cosmo asked himself whether the man before him was not really very stupid. Under the elevated eyebrows his eyes looked worn and empty of all thought.

"Lots of money, I mean," M. de Montevesso began again. "Not your savings and scrapings. Money that one acquires boldly and enough of it to be profuse with."

"Is he going to treat me to vulgar boasting?" thought Cosmo. He wished that Adèle would come in and interrupt this tête-à-tête which was so very different from the one he had been expecting.

"I daresay money is very useful," he assented, with airy scorn which he thought might put an end to the subject. But his interlocutor persisted.

"You can't know anything about it," he affirmed, then added unexpectedly: "Money will give you even ideas. Lots of ideas. The worst of it is that any one of them may turn out damnable. Well, yes. There is of course danger in money, but what of that?"

"It can scarcely be if it is used for good works, as you seem to use it," said Cosmo with polite indifference. He meant it to be final, but Count de Montevesso was not to be suppressed.

"It leads one into worries," he said. "For instance, that orphanage of mine, it is really a very large place. I am trying to be a benefactor to my native province, but I want it to be in my own way. Well, since the Restoration, the priests are trying to get hold of it. They want to turn it to the glory of God and to the service of religion. I have seen enough of all sorts of religions not to know what that means. No sooner had the King entered Paris than the Bishop wrote to me pointing out that there was no chapel and suggesting that I should build one and appoint a chaplain. That Bishop is . . ."

He threw up his head suddenly and Cosmo became aware of the presence of Adèle without having heard even the rustle of her dress. He stood up hastily. There was a short silence.

"I SEE the acquaintance is made," said Adèle, looking from one to the other. Her eyes lingered on Cosmo and then turned to her husband. "I didn't know you would be already here. I had to help my father to his room. I would have come at once here but he detained me." Again she turned to Cosmo. "You will pardon me."

"I found Count Helion here. I have not been alone for a minute," said Cosmo. "You owe me no apologies. I was delighted to make your husband's acquaintance, even if you were not here to introduce us to each other."

This was said in English and Count Helion by the mantelpiece waited until Cosmo had finished before he asked, "Where's Clelia?"

"I have sent her to bed," said Countess de Montevesso. "Helion, my father would like to see you this evening."

"I am at the orders of M. le Marquis."

The grenadier-like figure at the mantelpiece did not stir, and those words were followed only by a slight twitch in the muscles of the face which might have had a sardonic intention. "Tonight, at once," he repeated. "But with Mr. Latham here?"

"Pray don't mind me, I am going away directly," said Cosmo. "It is getting late."

"In Italy it is never late. I hope to find you here when I return. As the husband of a daughter of the house of D'Armand I know what is due to the name of Latham. Am I really expected at once?"

Adèle moved forward a step or two, speaking rapidly. "There has been some news from Elba, or about Elba, which gives a certain concern to my father. As you have been to the public knowledge in direct touch with people from Elba my father would like to have your opinion."

Count Helion changed his attitude, and leaning his shoulders against the mantelpiece addressed himself to Cosmo.

"'It was the most innocent thing in the world. It was something about the project for the exploitation of the Island of Pianosa. Napoleon sent his treasurer here to get in touch with a banker. I am a man of affairs. The banker consulted me—as a man who knew the spot. It's true I know the spot, but if you hear it said that it is because of my relations with the Dey of Algiers, pray don't believe it. I am in no way in touch with the Barbary States."

He made a step forward, and then another, and stood still. "You two had better sit down and talk. Yes, sit down and talk. Renew the acquaintance of your early youth . . . your early youth," he repeated in a faint voice. "Those youthful friendships . . ." he made a convulsive grimace which Cosmo had discovered to be the effect of a smile. "There is something so charming in those youthful friendships. As to myself I don't remember ever being youthful." He stepped out towards the door through which Cosmo had seen Clelia enter that morning. "Let me find you when I return, enjoying yourselves most sentimentally. Most delightful."

His long stiff back swayed in the doorway and the door came to with a crash.

Cosmo and Adèle looked at each other with a smile. Cosmo, hat in hand, asked just audibly, "I suppose I had better stay?" She made an affirmative sign and, moving away from him, put her foot on the marble fender of the fireplace where nothing was left but hot ashes hiding a reddish glow.

V

COSMO, ill at ease, remained looking at her. He was in doubt what the sign she had made meant, a nervous and imperious gesture, which might have been a command for him to go or to stay. In his irresolution he gazed at her, thinking that she was lovely to an incredible degree and that the word "radiant" applied to her extraordinary aptness. Light entered into her composition. And it was not the cold light of marble. "She actually glows," he said to himself, amazed, "like ripe fruit in the foliage, like a big flower in the shade."

"Don't gaze at my blushes," said Madame de Montevesso in an even tone tinged with a little mockery and a little bitterness. "Would you believe that when I was a girl I was so shy that I used to blush crimson whenever anybody looked at me or spoke to me? It's a failing which does not meet with much sympathy. And yet my suffering was very real. It would reach such a pitch at times that I was ready to cry."

"Shall I go away?" asked Cosmo in a deadened voice. He waited for a moment while she seemed to debate in her mind the answer to the question. In his fear of being sent away he went on: "God knows I don't want to leave you. And after all the Count is coming back and . . ."

"Oh, yes, he is coming back. Sit down. Yes. It would be better. Sit down. . . ." Cosmo sat down where he could see her admirable shoulders, the roundness of her averted head, *coiffée en boucles* and girt with a gold circlet, the shadowy retreating view of her profile. The long drapery of her train flowed to the ground in a dark blue shimmer. . . . "He is inevitable. He has always been inevitable," came further from her lips which he couldn't see, for the mirror above the mantelpiece reflected nothing but her forehead with the gold mist of her hair above.

Cosmo remained silent. For nothing in the world would he have made a sound. He held his breath with expectation; and in the extreme tension of his whole being the lights grew dim around him, while her white shoulders, the thick clustering curls, the arm on which she leaned, and the other

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bare arm hanging inert by her side, seemed the only source of light in the room.

"You don't know me at all," began the Countess de Montevesso. "I don't charge you with forgetting; but the little you may remember of me cannot be of any use. It is only natural that I should be a stranger to you. But you cannot be a stranger to me. For one thing you were a boy and then you were not a child of outcasts without a country, of refugees with a ruined past and with no future. You were a young Latham, as rooted in your native soil as the old trees of your park. Even then there seemed to me something enviable about you."

SHE turned her head a little to glance at him. "You had no idea what it was like after we had gone to London. My ignorance of the world was so profound that I felt ill at ease in it. I hoped I had an attractive face, but I only discovered that I was pretty from the remarks of the people in the street I overheard. I spent my life by the side of my mother's couch. I never went out except attended by my father or by Aglae. My only amusement was to play a game of chess now and then with an old doctor, also a refugee, who looked after my mother, or listen to the conversation of the people who came to see us. Amongst them there were all the prominent men and women of the old régime. Refugees. They seldom spoke the truth to each other, and yet they were no more stupid than the rest of the world. Nobody could be more good-natured and better company, more frivolous or more inconsiderate, I have seen women of the highest rank work ten hours a day to get bread for their children, but they also slandered one another, told falsehoods about their conduct and their work, and quarrelled among themselves in the style of washerwomen. Morals were even looser than in the times before the Revolution. Manners were forgotten. Every transgression was excused in those who were regarded as good royalists. I don't mean this to apply to the great body of the refugees. Some of them led irreproachable lives. Round our Princes there were some most absurd intrigues. I didn't know much of all this, but I remember my poor father's helpless indignations and my own appalled disgust at the things I could not help hearing and seeing."

She turned her head to look at Cosmo. "I am telling you all this to give you some idea of the air I had to breathe," she said in a changed tone. "I don't think it contaminated me. I felt its odiousness; but all this seemed without remedy. I didn't even suffer much from it. What I suffered most from was our domestic anxieties; my mother's fears lest the small resources we had to live on should fail us altogether. Our daily crust of bread seemed to depend on political events in Europe, and they were going against us. Battles, negotiations, everything. A blight seemed to have fallen on the royalist cause. My mother didn't conceal her distress. What touched me more still was the careworn, silent anxiety of my poor father."

She paused, looking at Cosmo intently, meeting his eyes fixed on her face. "I was getting on for sixteen," she continued. "No one ever paid the slightest attention to me. The only genuine passion in my heart was filial love. . . . But is it any good in going on? And then I can't tell what you may have heard already."

"All I have heard," said Cosmo in a tone of profound respect, "is that Adèle de Montevesso's life has been irreproachable."

"I remember the time when all the world was doing its best to make it impossible. Would it shock you very much if I told you that I don't care at all about its good opinion now? There was a time when it would put the worst construction possible on my distress, on my bewilderment, on my very innocence."

"Why should the world do that to you?" asked Cosmo.

"Why? But I see you know nothing. I met my husband first at a select concert that was given by the music-master of the late Queen of France. My mother was feeling a little better and insisted on my going out a little. Those were small fashionable affairs. I had a good voice myself, and that evening I sang with Madame Seppio. An English gentleman—his name doesn't matter—presented M. de Montevesso to me as a friend of his just returned from India and anxious to be introduced to the best society. What with my usual shyness and the unattractive appearance of the man, I don't think I received his attentions very well. There was really no reason I should notice him particularly. It wasn't difficult to see that he had not the manners of a man of the world. Where could he have acquired them? He had left his village at seventeen, he enlisted in the Irish Regiment which served in France, then he deserted, perhaps. I only know that some years afterwards he was a captain in the service of Russia. From there he made his way to India. I believe the governor-general used him as a sort of unofficial agent amongst the native princes, but he got into some scrape with the company. By what steps he managed to get on to the back of an elephant and command the army of a native prince I really don't know. And even if I had known then it would not have made him more interesting in my eyes. I was relieved when he made me a deep bow with his hands on his heart and went away. He left a most fugitive impression, but the very next morning he sent his English friend to ask my parents for my hand. That friend was a nobleman, a man of honour, and the offers he was empowered to make were so generous that my parents thought they must tell me of them. I was so astonished that at first I couldn't speak. I simply went away and shut myself up in my room. They were not people to press me for an answer. The poor worried dears thought that I wouldn't even consent to contemplate this marriage; while I, shut up in my room—I was afraid, remembering the way they had spoken to me of that offer, that they would reject it without consulting me any further. I sent word by Aglae that I would give my answer next day and that I begged to be left to myself. Then I escaped from the house, followed by Aglae, who was never so frightened in her life, and went to see the wife of that friend of my present husband. I begged her to send at once for General de Montevesso—at that time he called himself General. The King of Sardinia had given him this rank in acknowledgment of some service that his great wealth had enabled him to render to the Court of Turin. That lady of course had many scruples about doing something so highly unconventional, but at last, overcome by the exaltation of my feelings, she consented."

"She did that?" murmured Cosmo. "What an extraordinary thing!"

"YES. She did that, instead of taking me home. People will do extraordinary things to please a man of fabulous wealth. She sent out two or three messengers to look for him all over the town. They were some time in finding him. I waited. I was perfectly calm. I was calmer than I am now, telling you my story. I was possessed by the spirit of self-sacrifice. I had no misgivings. I remember even how cold I was in that small drawing room with a big coal fire. He arrived out of breath. He was splendidly dressed and behaved very ceremoniously. I felt his emotion without sharing it. I, who used to blush violently at the smallest provocation, didn't feel the slightest embarrassment in addressing that big stiff man so much older than myself. I could not appreciate what a fatal mistake I was committing by telling him that I didn't care for him in the least and probably never should; but that if he would secure my parents' future comfort my gratitude would be so great that I could marry him, without reluctance and be his loyal friend and wife for life. He stood there stiff and ominous and told me that he didn't flatter himself with the possibility of inspiring any deeper feeling.

"We stood there facing each other for a bit. I felt nothing but an inward glow of satisfaction at having, as I thought, acted honourably. As to him I think he was simply made dumb with rage. At last he bowed with his hands on his heart and said that he would not even ask now for the favour of kissing my hand. I appreciated his delicacy at that moment. It would have been an immense trial to my shyness. I think now that he was simply afraid of putting my hand to his lips lest he should lose his self-control and bite it. He told me later, in one of those moments when people don't care what they say, that at that moment he positively hated me, not the sight of me, you understand, but my aristocratic insolence."

She paused, and in the youthful sincerity of his sympathy Cosmo uttered a subdued exclamation of distress. Madame de Montevesso looked at him again and then averted her face.

"I heard afterwards some gossip to the effect that he had been jilted by a girl to whom he was engaged, the daughter of some captain on half-pay, and that he proposed to me simply to show her that he could find a girl prettier, of higher rank, and in every way more distinguished that would consent to be his wife. I believe that it was this that prevented him from drawing back before my frankness. As to me, I went home, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, caring for nothing, as though I had done with the world, as though I had taken the veil. I can find no other comparison for the peace that was in me. I faced my mother's reproaches calmly. She was of course very much hurt at my not confiding in her at this crisis of my life. My father, too. But how could I have confided in them in this matter on which their security and welfare depended? How could I have confided in any of the men and women around me who seemed to me as if mad, whose conduct and opinions I despised with youthful severity as foolish and immoral? There was one human being in all the world in whom I might perhaps have confided, that perhaps would have understood me. That was your father, Cosmo. But he was three hundred miles away. There was no time. Tell me, did he understand? Has he cast me out of his thoughts for ever?"

"MY father," said Cosmo, "has lived like a hermit for years. There was nothing to make him forget you. Yes, he was a man in whom you could have confided. He would have understood you. That doesn't mean to say that he would have approved. I wish he had been by your side. He would have brought pressure on your parents with the authority of an old and tried friend."

"And benefactor," struck in the Countess de Montevesso. "My father, I believe, had an inkling of the truth. He begged me again and again to think well of what I was doing. I told him that I was perfectly satisfied with what I had done. It was perfectly true then. I had satisfied my conscience by telling my suitor that I could never love him. I felt strangely confident that I could fulfil the duties of my new position, and I was absorbed by the happiness of having saved my parents from all anxiety for the future. I was not aware of having made any sacrifice. Probably if I had been twenty or more I would have been less confident; perhaps I wouldn't have had the courage! But at that age I didn't know that my whole life was at stake. Three weeks afterwards I was married.

"As you see, there was no time lost. During that period our intercourse was of the most formal kind only I never even attempted to observe him with any attention. He was very stiff and ceremonious, but he was in a hurry, because I believe he was afraid from his previous experience that I would change my mind. His usual answer to the expression of all my wishes and to most of my speeches was a profound bow—and, sometimes, I was amused. In the lightness of my heart a thought would come to me that a lifetime on such terms would be a funny affair. I don't say he deceived me in anything. He had brought an immense fortune out of India and the world took him at its face value. With no more falsehood than holding his tongue and watching his behaviour he kept me in the dark about his character, his family, his antecedents, his very name. When we first were married he was ostentatious and rather mean at the same time. His long life in India added the force of oriental jealousy to that which would be in a sense natural to a man of his age. Moreover, his character was naturally disagreeable. The only way he could make the power of his great fortune felt was by hurting the feelings of other people, of his servants, of his dependents, of his friends. His wife came in for her share. An older and cleverer woman with a certain power of deception and caring for the material pleasures of life could have done better for herself and for him in the situation in which I was placed, but I, almost a child, with an honest and proud character and caring nothing for what wealth could give, I was perfectly helpless. I was being constantly surprised and shocked by the displays of evil passions and his fits of ridiculous

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jealousy which were expressed in such a coarse manner that they could only arouse my resentment and contempt.

"Meantime we lived in great style—dinner parties, concerts. I had a very good voice. I daresay he was anxious enough to show off his latest acquisition, but at the same time he could not bear me being looked at or even spoken to. A fit of oriental jealousy would come over him, especially when I had been much applauded. He would express his feelings to me in barrack-room language. At last, one evening he made a most scandalous scene before about two hundred guests, and then went out of the house, leaving me to make the best of it before all those people. It caused the greatest possible scandal. The party of course broke up. I spent the rest of the night sitting in my bedroom, too overcome to take off my splendid dress and those jewels with which he always insisted I should bedeck myself. With the first signs of dawn he returned, and coming up into my room found me sitting there. He told me then that living with me was too much of a torture for him and proposed I should go back to my parents for a time.

"WE had been married for a little over a year then. For the first time since the wedding I felt really happy. They, poor dears, were delighted. We were all so innocent together that we thought this would be the end of all our troubles, that the man was chivalrous enough to have seen his mistake in the proper light, and to bear the consequences nobly. Hadn't I told him I could never love him, exactly in so many words?

"I ought to have known that he was incapable of any generosity. As a matter of fact I didn't think much about it. I, who had overcome my shyness enough to become, young as I was, a perfect hostess in a world which I knew so little—because after all that sort of thing was in my tradition—I was really too stupid, too unsophisticated for those ten months to have been a lesson to me. I had learned nothing, any more than one learns from a nightmare or from a period of [illegible] illness. I simply breathed freely. I began again the old Adèle. I dismissed M. de Montevesso from my thoughts as though he had never lived. Can you believe this, Cosmo? It is astonishing how facts can fail to impress one; brutalities, abuse, scenes of passion, mad exhibitions of jealousy, as long as they do not attack your conception of your moral personality. All this fell off me like a poisoned robe, leaving hardly a smart behind. I raised my head like a flower after a thunderstorm. Don't think my character is shallow, Cosmo. There were depths in me that could be reached, but till then I had been only tormented, shocked, surprised, but hardly even frightened. It was he who had suffered. But my turn was to come."

"I don't think you were ever a person of shallow feelings."

"One's feelings must mature like everything else, and I assure you I had not yet stopped growing. The next six months were to finish my education. For by that time I had lost all my illusions. While I was breathing freely between my father and mother, forgetting the world around us, Montevesso was going about the town with his complaints and his suspicions; regretting he had let me go and enraged that I should have gone from him so easily. And you may be sure he found sympathizers. A rich man, you understand! Who could refuse sympathy to so much wealth? He was obviously a much ill-used man, all the faults of course were on my side; in less than a month I found myself the centre of underhand intrigues and the victim of a hateful persecution. Friends, relatives, mere acquaintances in the world of emigration entered M. de Montevesso's service. They spied on my conduct and tampered with the servants. There were assemblies in his house where my character was torn to shreds. Some of those good friends offered him their influence in Rome for the annullation of the marriage, for a consideration of course. Others discovered flaws in the marriage contract. They invented atrocious tales. There were even horrid verses made about that scandal; till at last he himself became disgusted with the wretches and closed his house and his purse to them. Years later he showed me a note of their names and the amounts paid for all those manifestations of sympathy. He must have been impressed and disgusted by the retrospect, because it was a big lot of money. As to the names, they were aristocratic enough to flatter his plebeian pride. He showed the list to me just to hurt my feelings.

"Some sinners have been stoned, but I, an innocent girl of seventeen, had been pelted with mud beyond endurance. It was impossible to induce him to come to any sort of arrangement that would leave me in peace. All the world, influenced by his paid friends, was against me. What could I do? Calumnies are hard to bear. Harder than truth. Even my parents weakened. He promised to make amends. Of course I went back to him, as one would crawl out of the mud amongst clean thorns that can but tear one's flesh. He received me back with apologies that were as nearly public as such things can be. It was a vindication of my character. But directly he had me with him again he gave way to his fits of hatred as before, such hatred as only black jealousy can inspire. It was terrible. For even jealousy has its gradations, coloured by doubts and hopes, and his was the worst, the hopeless kind, since he could never forget my honest declaration."

The Countess of Montevesso's voice died out and then Cosmo looked up. She was a little pale, which made her eyes appear darker than ever he had seen them before. Cosmo was too young yet to understand the full meaning of this confession, but his very youth invested the facts with a sort of romantic grandeur, while the woman before him felt crushed by the feelings of their squalid littleness. Without looking at him she said:

"We went traveling for a year and a half, stayed for a time in Paris, where he began to make me scenes again, and then we went on to Italy. The pretext was to make me known to some of his relations. I don't believe he could remember his mother, and his father, an old dealer in rabbit skins, I believe, had died some time before. As to the rest, I think his heart failed him notwithstanding the brutal pride he used at times to display to me. He took me to see some decayed people living in old ruined houses whom I verily believe he bribed to pass for his more distant connections. It was a strange pilgrimage amongst the most squalid shams, something that you cannot conceive, yet I didn't rebel against the horrible humiliation of it. It was part of the bargain. Sometimes I thought that he would kill me in one of those wild places in some lost valley where the people, only a degree removed from peasants in their dress and speech, fawned upon him as the wealthy cousin and benefactor. I am certain that during those wanderings he was half distracted. It was I who went through all this unmoved. But I don't suppose my life was ever in any danger. At that time none of his moods lasted long enough to let him carry out any definite purpose. And then he is not a man of criminal instincts. After all, he is perhaps a great adventurer. He has commanded armies of a hundred thousand men. He has in a sense faced the power of England in India. The very fact that he had managed to get out of it with so much wealth and with quite a genuine reputation shows that there is something in him. I don't know whether it's that that obtained for him a very gracious reception from Bonaparte when he dragged me back to Paris."

VI

MADAME DE MONTEVESSO paused, looking at the white ashes in which the sparks had not died out yet. "Yes, she went on, "I lived near Paris through the whole time of the Empire. I had a charming house in the country. Monsieur de Montevesso had established me in a style which he considered worthy of himself if not of me. He could never forgive me for being what I am. He was tolerated by the returned emigration for my sake, but he grew weary of his own unhappiness and resolved to live by himself in his own province where he could be a great personage. Perhaps he is not altogether a bad man. He consented eagerly to my parents, who had obtained permission to return to France, joining me in the country. I tasted again some happiness in the peace of our semi-retired life and in their affection. Our world was that of old society, the world of returned nobles. They hated and despised the imperial power, but most of them were ready to cringe before it. Yes, even the best were overawed by the real might under the tinsel of that greatness. Our circle was very small and composed of convinced royalists, but I could not share their hatreds and their contempts. I felt myself a Frenchwoman. I had liberal ideas. . . ."

She noticed Cosmo's eyes fixed on her with eager and friendly curiosity, and paused with a faint smile.

"You understand me, Cosmo?" she asked. The latter gave a little nod without detaching his eyes from the face which seemed to him to glow with the light of generous feelings, but already Madame de Montevesso was going on.

"I did not want to be patronized by all those returned duchesses who wanted to teach me how to feel and how to behave. Their own behaviour was a mixture of insolence and self-seeking before that government which they feared and despised. I didn't fear it but neither could I despise it. My heart was heavy during all those years but it was not downcast. All Europe was aflame and the blaze scorched and dazzled and filled one with awe and with forebodings; but then one always heard that fire purifies all which it cannot destroy. The world would perhaps come out better from it."

"Well, it's all over," said Cosmo, "and what has it done? The smoke hangs about yet and I cannot see, but how do you feel?

Madame de Montevesso, leaning on her elbow on the mantelpiece, with one foot on the fender, looked down at the ashes in which a spark gleamed here and there.

"I feel a little cold," she said, "and dazed perhaps. One doesn't know where to look."

Cosmo got up and made a step forward. His voice, however, was subdued. "Formerly there was a man."

"A man, yes. One couldn't help looking towards him. There was something unnatural in that uniqueness, but do you know, Cosmo, the man was nothing. You smile, you think you hear a royalist speaking, a woman full of silly aristocratic prejudice; a woman who sees only a small Corsican squire who hadn't even the sense to catch the opportunity by the hair as it flew by and be the restorer of the Bourbon dynasty. You imagine all that of me! . . . Of me!"

She kept her pose, desolate, as if looking down at the ashes of a burnt-up world.

"I don't think you could be stupid if you tried," he said. "But if the man was nothing, then what has done it?"

MADAME DE MONTEVESSO remained silent for a while before murmuring the word "Destiny," and only then turned her head slightly towards Cosmo. "What are you staring at in that corner?" she asked, after another period of silence.

"Was I staring?" he said with a little start. "I didn't know. Your words evoked a draped figure with an averted head."

"Then it wasn't that," she said, looking at him with friendly eyes. "Whatever your fancy might have seen it was not Destiny. One must live a very long time to see even the hem of her robe. Live a very, very long time," she repeated in a tone of such weariness, tinged by fear, that Cosmo felt impelled to step forward, take up the hand that hung by her side, and press it to his lips. When released, it fell slowly to its previous position. But Madame de Montevesso did not move.

"That's very nice," she said. "It was a movement of sympathy. I have had very little of that in my life. There is something in me that does not appeal to the people with whom I live. My father, of course, loves me; but that is not quite the same thing. Your father, I believe, sympathized with the child and I am touched to see that the son seems to understand something of the woman; of an almost old woman."

Cosmo would have been amused at the tone of unaffected conviction in which she called herself an old woman had it not been for the profound trouble on that young face bent downwards, and at the melancholy grace of the whole attitude of that woman who had once been the child Adèle; a foreign, homeless child, sheltered for a moment by the old walls of his ancestral home, and the sharer of its life's stately intimacies.

"No," he said, marvelling that so much bitter experience should have been the lot of such a resplendent figure. "No. Destiny works quickly enough. We are both still young, and yet think of what we have already seen."

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He fancied she had shuddered a little. He felt ashamed at the thought of what she had lived through, how she had been affected in her daily life by what to him had been only a spectacle after all, though his country had played its part, the impressive part of a rock upraising its head above the flood. But he continued: "Why, the Man of Destiny himself is young yet. You must have seen him many times."

"No. Once or twice a year I went to the Tuileries in the company of some reconciled royalist ladies and very much against my wish. It was expected from Madame de Montevesso and I always came away thankful to think that it was over for a time. You could hardly imagine how dull that Empire time was. All hopes were crushed. It was like a dreadful overdressed masquerade with the everlasting sound of the guns in the distance. Every year I spent a month with my husband to save appearances. That was in the bond. He used then to invite all the provincial grandees for a series of dinners. But even in the provinces one felt the sinister moral constraint of that imperial glory. No doubt all my movements were noticed and recorded by the proper people. Naturally I saw the Emperor several times. I saw him also in theatres, in his carriage driving about, but he spoke to me only once."

"ONLY once!" exclaimed Cosmo under his breath."

"You may imagine I tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible, and I did not belong to the Court. It was on the occasion of a ball given to the Princess of Baden. There was an enormous crowd. Early in the evening I found myself standing in the front row in the Galerie de Diane between two women who were perfect strangers to me. By and by the Court came in, the Empress, the Princess, the Chamberlains in full dress, and took their place on a platform at the end. In the intervals of dancing the Emperor came down alone, speaking only to the women. He wore his imperial dress of red velvet, laced in all the seams, with white satin breeches, with diamonds on the hilt of his sword and the buckles of his shoes and on his cap with white plumes. It was a well-designed costume but with his short thick figure and the clumsiness of his movements he looked to me frightful and like a mock king. When he came opposite me he stopped. I am certain he knew who I was, but he asked me my name. I told him.

"'Your husband lives in his province?'

"'Yes, sire.'

"'Your husband employs much labour, I hear. I am grateful to him for giving work to the people. This is the proper use of wealth. Hasn't he served in the English army in India?'

"His tone was friendly. I said I didn't know that, but I did know that he had fought against them there."

"He smiled in a fascinating manner and said, 'That's very possible. A soldier of fortune. He is a native of Piedmont, is he not?'

"'Yes, sire.'

"'But you are French, entirely French. We have a claim on you. How old are you?'

"I told him. He said, 'You look younger.' Then he came nearer to me and, speaking in a confidential tone, said, 'You have no children. I know. I know. It isn't your fault, but you should try to make some other arrangements. Believe me, I am giving you good advice.'

"I was dumb with astonishment. He gave me again a very gracious smile and went on. That is the only conversation I ever had with the Emperor."

She fell silent with downcast eyes, then she added: "It was very characteristic of him." Cosmo was mainly struck by the fact that he knew so little of her, that this was the first intimation he had of the Montevessos being childless. He had never asked himself the question before, but this positive if indirect statement was agreeable to him.

"I did not make any other arrangements," began Madame de Montevesso with a slightly ironic intonation. "I was only too thankful to be left alone. At the time the Russian campaign began I paid my annual visit to Monsieur de Montevesso. Except for the usual entertainments to local people I was alone with Count Helion, and as usual when we were quite alone he behaved in a tolerable way. There was nobody and nothing that could arouse his jealousy and the dormant hatred he nurses for me deep down in his heart. We had only the slight discussion, at the end of which he admitted, gnashing his teeth, that he had nothing to reproach me with except that I was what I was. I told him I could not help it and that as things were he ought rather to congratulate himself on that fact. He gave me only a black look. He can restrain himself wonderfully when he likes. Upon the whole I had a quiet time. I played and sang to myself, I read a little, I took long walks, I rode almost every day, attended by Bernard. That wasn't so agreeable. You remember Bernard?"

Cosmo nodded.

"For years he had been a very devoted and faithful servant to us but I suppose he, too, like so many of his betters, fell under the spell of Monsieur de Montevesso's wealth. When my parents rejoined me in France he had his wish at last and married Aglae, my mulatto maid. He was quite infatuated with her and now he makes her terribly wretched. She is really devoted to me, and there cannot be any doubt that Bernard has been bribed by my husband to play the part of a spy. It seems incredible but I have had it from the Count in so many words. Bernard let himself be corrupted years ago, when M. de Montevesso first sent me back to my parents in a rage and next day was nearly out of his mind with agony at having done so. Yes, it dates as far back as that. That man so faithful to us in our misfortunes allowed himself to be bought with the greatest ease. Everybody, from the highest to the lowest, was in a conspiracy against a poor girl whose only sin was her perfect frankness. When Bernard came over to France with my parents I was already aware of this, but Aglae wanted to marry him and so I said nothing. She probably would not have believed me then."

"And could you bear that wretch near you all those years?" exclaimed Cosmo, full of indignation. She smiled sadly. She had borne the disclosure and had kept the secret of greater infamies. She had all her illusions about rectitude destroyed so early that it did not matter to her now what she knew of the people about her.

"OH, Cosmo," she exclaimed suddenly, "I am a hardened woman now, but I assure you that sometimes when I remember the girl of sixteen I was, without an evil thought in her head and in her ignorance surrounded by the basest slanderers and intrigues, tears come into my eyes. And since the baseness of selfish passions I have seen seething round the detestable glory of that man in Elba, it seems to me that there is nowhere any honesty on earth—nowhere!" The energy of that outburst, contrasted with the immobility of the pose, gave to Cosmo the sensation of a chill.

"I will not mention us two," said Cosmo, "here in this room. But I know of at least two honest men on earth. They are your father and mine, Why didn't you write to Father, Adèle?"

"I tell you I was a child. What could I write to him? Hasn't he retired out of the world for so many years only not to see and not to hear? That's one of your honest men. And as to my poor father, who is the soul of honour, such is the effect of long misfortune on the best characters and of temptations associated with his restored rank, that there have been moments when I watched his conduct with dread. Caste prejudices are an awful thing, but thank God he had never a thought of vengeance in his mind. He is not a courtier."

"I have heard about it," interrupted Cosmo, "from the Marquis himself. He is a dear old man."

The two by the mantelpiece exchanged dim smiles.

"I had to come here with him," said Adèle. "He cannot do without me. I too was glad to get away from the evil passions and the hopeless stupidities of all the people that had come back without a single patriotic feeling, without a single new idea in their heads, like merciless spectres out of a grave, hating the world to which they had returned. They had forgotten nothing and learned nothing."

"I have seen something of that myself," murmured Cosmo. "But the world can't be put back where it was before you and I were born."

"No! But to see them trying to do it was intolerable. Then my husband appeared on the scene, hired this Palazzo, and insisted on us all living here. It was impossible to raise a rational objection to that. Father was never aware of half I went through in my life. I learned early to suppress every expression of feeling. But in the main we understand each other without talking. When he received Count Helion's letter offering us this house he just looked at me and said, 'I suppose we must.' For my part, I go through life without raising any objections to anything. One has to preserve one's dignity in some way; and is there another way open to me? Yes, I have made up my mind; but I must tell you, Cosmo, that notwithstanding that amazing tour we made ten years ago amongst M. de Montevesso's problematic relations, those two sisters and that niece have been a perfect novelty to me. I only hope I never betrayed my surprise or any feeling at all about it." The Countess raised her eyes to Cosmo's face. "I have spoken of it to you as I have never spoken to anybody in my life, because of old memories which are so much to me and because I could not mistrust anybody of your name. Have you been wearied by this long tale?"

"No," said Cosmo. "But have you thought how it is going to end?"

"To end?" she said in a startled tone which affected Cosmo profoundly. "To end? What do you mean? Everything is ended already."

"I was thinking of your endurance," said Cosmo.

"Do I look worn out?" she asked.

Cosmo raised his head and looked at her steadily. The impression of her grace and her strength filled his breast with an admiring and almost oppressive emotion. He could find nothing to say, not knowing what was uppermost in his mind, pity or admiration, mingled with a vague anger.

"Well, what do you see in my face?"

"I never have seen such serenity on any face," said Cosmo. "How sure of itself your soul must be!"

Her color became heightened for a moment, her eyes darkened as she said in a grateful tone, "You are right, Cosmo. My face is not a mask."

But he hardly heard her. He was lost in wonder at the sudden disorder of his thoughts. When he regained his mental composure he noticed that Madame de Montevesso seemed to be listening.

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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Books of Special Interest

Caxton's Ovid

OVYDE HYS BOOKE OF METHAMORPHOSE. Books X-XV. Translated by WILLIAM CAXTON. Newly printed from the Manuscript in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1924.

Reviewed by E. K. RAND
Harvard University

AMONG the treasures of the library of Magdalene College, Cambridge, is a volume once owned by Pepys, who bound it in brown sheep-skin, his standard binding, and stamped the cover with his arms. Before him, the book had passed through noble and perhaps royal hands. The earliest owner was probably William Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, who may well have received it from the author himself. The book contains in manuscript the latter half of Caxton's translation of the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid, a work which the great printer finished in 1480, but, it would seem, did not put through his press. Our manuscript may have been his copy, and a copy made by his own hand. In any case, it is the only existing copy of Caxton's work. It was published in 1819 by George Hibbert in an edition of forty-four copies. It now appears in a much more satisfactory form, sumptously printed on Kelmscott hand-made paper and accompanied by explanatory prefaces. Mr. Stephen Gaselee recounts the history of the volume and explains the principles on which he has edited the text, while his Oxford associate, Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith, discusses the literary interest of Caxton's work. The edition is limited to three hundred and seventy-five copies; it should command the attention of book-lovers in search of the beautiful, the rare, and the entertaining.

Mr. Gaselee has attempted, he states, as faithful a reprint as modern typography allows. He indicates the rubrication by the use of italics, retains the original spellings and makes only a few es in punctuation. As the looks of ıge is thus very foreign to a modern , there seems no good reason for consulting his convenience by the substitution of *j* for *i* and *v* for *u*. The editor has likewise expanded contractions, briefly explaining his practice and referring the reader to the facsimilies given by Hibbert and by Gordon Duff in his book on Caxton published in 1905. But surely the present volume should have been accompanied by at least one photographic facsimile. The unique importance of the text demands the utmost exactness in its reproduction; the editor has not quite lived up to his aim. The reader who can glide without jolt over *threstyd* ("thrusted") and *emonge* ("among") and *persyd* ("pierced")—to take random examples from a single page—would not have balked at *ioye* or *ialousye* or *destruccion* in its abbreviated form. If a special font of contractions could not be devised, their presence could readily be indicated by enclosing the omitted letters in parentheses. Such a facsimile, or better yet a photographic reproduction like those in the Leyden or the Vatican series, would make Pepys's manuscript *in propria persona* accessible in many libraries, and prompt, perhaps, the printing of a somewhat more modernized text in less expensive form. For the moment, we are grateful for a beautiful book.

Caxton's work deserves a wide reading. It is much more than a translation of Ovid. It is a pity that only the half is preserved, and that the half lost is the first half, which doubtless contained the author's preface to his work. He drew from Ovid not directly but from a French rendering printed in the house of Colard Mansion in 1484. Caxton was associated with him at Bruges, and may have made his own translation from the manuscript that Mansion used. This French form contained the moralization of Thomas Walleys woven into the text. Bits of the history of Troy were likewise interpolated from Benoit de Ste. More, Guido della Colonna, and other sources. There are even traces of interlinear glosses that have worked their way into the text. The effect on a modern reader is as if pages and foot-notes had been melted into one. There is a purpose in this medley, which, while spoiling Ovid's subtleties, transforms his poem into a mediæval romance, a riot of marvels and adventures. The author used by Mansion is responsible for most of the inventions, but Caxton, imbued with the spirit of Sir Thomas Malory, adds his bit, as when he makes the instrument on which Pan vainly performed in contest with Apollo a "hornepype of Cornewalle." All this is admirably set forth by Mr. Brett-Smith, who falls into one curious error, however, in stating that Caxton's Helen is not Ovid's. He adds that we must not dismiss her with mere contempt, seeing that "she is a natural result of the feudal system and the age of the Crusades and Courts of Love." So she is. Caxton and his French author see her through the light of the "Romance of the Rose." But she can be found in Ovid. The passage that prompts Mr. Brett-Smith's remark,—the description of Helen's covert laughter at Menelaus—comes straight from the "Heroides." The French author has translated, and not too freely translated, the letter of Paris to Helen and Helen's reply. Ovid, himself a mighty romancer and the original deviser of the Knightly Code of Love, has cast his bread on mediæval waters, and it has returned to him after many days. Caxton's translations and his French original should be ranged with poems like the "Enèas" and the "Roman de Troie," whose writers found Ovid helpful in turning ancient matter into romance. A thorough analysis of the enlargement of the "Metamorphoses" followed by Mansion should bring into sharper relief the author's plan and art and add an entertaining chapter to the history of Ovid in the Middle Ages.

Of no less interest than Caxton's matter is his style. He sought, like the authors of the "Pleiade" a bit later in France, an *illustration* or beautifying of the English tongue. As they turned to the diction of the ancients, so he found a model in French. The present work is full of his innovations, for some of which he conveniently gives the contemporary equivalents, as *"herbes verdoyeng or wexying grene," "orguyllous & prowd," "soufflemens and blowying."* His aim is to reform *"the olde and auncyent englysshe"* in a modern style. To us, his daring creations, as is sometimes the fate with the ultra-modern, sound quaint. From his misreading of his French original, or from the mistakes already therein, come certain ghost-words, particularly in the case of proper names. *"Crevy and Cao"* are a wondrous pair, whom the reader may not recognize, without the Latin text, as Erebus and Chaos. Such blemishes only enhance the atmosphere of uncontrollable romance, and interfere not at all with the stately charm of Caxton's style. Mr. Brett-Smith describes it well. The following passage, in which I have modernized the punctuation, will show its quality. It contains part of Ovid's picture of the Cave of Sleep, painted again in the artist's own colors.

The hows of this gode was in the most still place of the worlde in the bottom of a kreves of a mountayne, where as the sonne never shyneth, where as it semeth aleway is betweyn day and night. There slepeth this god; ther is neyther noyse ne lyghte that may dystrowble hys reste. There resowneth nothynge but a swete wynd amonge rosyers. And a lytil broke of water sourdeth (soundeth?), whych renneth and murmureth upon the gravell that it resowneth forto gyve appetyte to sleepe. . . . Theder came Yrys for to doo the message that Juno had commanded her, defendyng her self with her handes. For the sleepes wente for to surpryse her, and cam about her. The beaulte of the messager and the resplendysshynge of her robe caste withyn the place grete clerenes. Whan the slepynge gode sawe her, a lytil he awoke, but yet anon he slomerid agayn and closed and shytte his eyen, and by force of sleep bowed and eclyned hys heede and clynynge laye doun agayn and slepte.

A String of Beads

SHIP ALLEY. By C. FOX SMITH. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $2.

MISS Fox Smith's latest book is particularly anecdotal. It is really a bead necklace strung on the thread of a similar subject where her beads are her fragmentary yarns. "Sailor's Inns," "Curios," "The Sea Cook," "Some Old House Flags" are names taken at random from the chapter titles. They should give some idea of what the book is like.

What value it has lies entirely in its manner which is brisk and swift-moving. The matter it contains is quite ancient. The fact that Limehouse is near to shipping and that the "Ariel" won a famous race among tea-clippers has been told over and over again, while the person who does not know that "chanties" are pronounced "shanties" is not likely to pick up the book. But that is the advantage of sailing ships as of Greek or Latin. Only those whose subject is radio or American are obliged to keep up to date.

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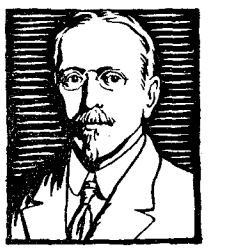

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A Letter from Italy

By Aldo Sorani

THOMAS MANN, the great German novelist, renewing his pilgrimages to Italy and consenting with Professor von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf to address an Italian and cosmopolitan public in the German cultural Week of the Florence International Book Fair, has marked the official resumption by Germany of her place in Italian culture. A notable step.

The lecturer had chosen for his theme Tolstoy and Goethe, and to draw a parallel between two such opposites seemed an arduous, well-nigh impossible undertaking. Thomas Mann nevertheless brought the subtlest analysis to bear upon his task, and, assisted by his mastery of literary values, diligent technique, and eloquent gesture, he brought Tolstoy and Goethe together so as to reveal unsuspected resemblances between them. Both traced a common ancestry in Jean-Jacques Rousseau, at all events in their pleasure in self-expression and the moralist's attitude, and it fell to Thomas Mann's rare sleight of hand to formulate with and around those three names the outline of a literary Society of Nations, supporting his plea with all the arguments and intellectual testimony worthy of the pen that has given us "Der Zauberberg."

It was my good fortune, a few days later, to meet this guest of honor of Florence at the country home of his host, Dr. Richter, and mindful of that intellectual League of Nations whose strands Mann had woven round those mighty names, opportunity served me, I thought, to lay the lines of our talk upon what intellectual Germany today appears to think about the European brotherhood.

Germany, he observed, has not emerged from the war only to withdraw herself within a strained nationalism. Her problems are shared by all literary peoples. The need of a renewed approach is generally felt. Germany wants to count among the Nations. We have agreed to drop politics out of our talk, yet I may as well say—continued Mann—that any concern I may have felt at Marshal Hindenburg's election to the Presidency of the German Reich is due less to personal prejudice against a man for whom I harbor no hostile feelings, than to its possibilities in retarding the advent of that Europeanism towards which our intellectual outlook tends. Hindenburg fortunately has taken the oath to the Republic, and I am not only a believer in her, but also in the solidarity and strength of the forces of democracy which have joined issue with other principles, and won. Moreover Germany, up against Europe and the world at large, Germany turned back upon herself, is as remote from our wish as it is unthinkable. That of which we feel the want is a general return, political, intellectual, and artistic, not indeed to the past, but to the *institution, after such far-reaching anarchy,* of a new order. In this new order alone the solution lies of problems, ideal as well as practical, not necessarily in reaction but in a sense a revolutionary new order. . . . Nevertheless, he added, I am not a doer, my province is the thinker's, the thought and its vehicle, style. "Der Zauberberg," my last novel, envisages the enchantment of dissolution and draws its theme from all sources, politics and letters, medicine and metaphysics.

That pronouncement led our conversation to the novelist's art. Evolution is noticeable not alone in Mann, but in the younger men of France and Britain. Among the latter, and Aldous Huxley is a typical instance, characters do not act, they question, discuss, and lecture about life. The novel of today turns away from the narrative and constructive theme; a thesis heads each chapter, made up of at least two dissertations. Nothing happens beyond the contrast of views, the author apparently playing audience to his characters after introducing them to us. Mann has not read Huxley; Galsworthy holds his suffrage, it appears, and he recalls his own surname "the German Galsworthy," given him after the publication and English translation of "Buddenbrooks."

There is a "fiction crisis," admits Mann. Everything, today, is traversing a critical stage and the novel seeks a new form, even as life moves in quest of renewed ideals. No doubt this can not be put down to failure in numbers or output. The cause lies elsewhere. The framework of old enfolding plots is shattered, the perspective is reversed. But we have in Germany a number of powerful novelists still. There are Jacob Wassermann, for instance, Thiess, Heinrich Mann too, my brother, whose ruthless dissection of pre-war Germany reads as the writing upon the wall. . . .

To my query whither literary young Germany trends, Thomas Mann replied as follows:

As far as I can see, expressionism, anti-realistic, spiritualistic, parallel with the like movements in painting and sculpture, has come full cycle, and is past. No marked individuality has been thrown up by, no leader has headed expressionism. The movement, nevertheless, will have proved a useful experience, and it may leave behind an instructive wake, even though accomplishment be lacking. In my opinion, a revived classicism is at hand, outstripping the antique, the traditional canon broken and derided on all sides, and having learned a lesson from expressionism's adventures, truancies, and vagaries. For my own part, concluded Mann, I am looking for a new form and style, that in its severity, concision, and accuracy shall indeed embody a new realization of life.

The varied influences upon literature came under review and with them inevitably that of Freudian psychology. Thomas Mann believes in the far-reaching influence of Freudian suggestion which is far, he thinks, from waning, as indeed is shown by the issue of that author's collected works in ten volumes.

My novel "Death in Venice," he went on, is underlain by Freudian influence. I should not but for him have treated the subject, so peculiarly sensual and morbid, in this way or, at any rate, seen thus my hero, the renowned writer von Ashenbach's tragic undoing. Whatever may be said, Freud's theory seems an undoubted step towards knowledge of the subconsciousness. In military parlance, I should call Freudism a general assault to conquer the subconscious field. As an artist, however, I admit perplexity, nay, humiliation, the theory acting in the manner of X-rays, disclosing all, even the recondite mystery of action. I revere knowledge, even that which knocks at the entrance beneath the threshold of consciousness, but too much knowledge hurts, inhibiting, nay, abolishing action. Freud knows too much, he learns too much about us, he cuts at the roots of all motive, he raises the veil upon the virgin mind. Excess of knowledge is today our misfortune, an excess starving action for plethoric thought. Hence we not only fail to initiate a definite course along the beaten track, but we fail even to obtain a clear and immediate world outlook, and an instinctive perception of life's significance. Hence our hesitancies, our anxieties, our diffidence before the most contradictory systems of thought, and our extreme difficulty to realize. The urgent task before us is to find the new way, namely to march towards the synthesis of knowledge and action. We must remake our youth and virginity. We must overcome knowledge and recreate intuition. We have traversed the phase of naiveté passing on to that of science-worship; the third phase is the union of both, which shall bring forth the miracle of innocence after and through awareness. At this turning, if we reach it, we shall view a new scheme of life for mankind. . . .

Thomas Mann remains the ingenious artificer of the "Death in Venice" and the "Buddenbrooks" and retains all his youthful vigor in despite of all vicissitudes. He is now at work upon another book with a hero different *in toto* from von Aschenbach or from the hero of "Zauberberg," who having betaken himself for a week to Davos, stayed there seven years. The new novel tells the story of a modern captain of industry, an adventurer of exalted rank, with as many possibilities as his scruples are few.

Mann is now on his way to the Lido, allured by the spell of Venice. Will the great novelist dwell there seven days . . . or seven years?

Knut Rasmussen is one of the two or three Arctic explorers who are thoroughly familiar with the Eskimo language and who have made a serious study of Eskimo folk-lore. His latest contribution to the field of his researches is his publication of the second volume of "Myter og Sagn fra Gronland" (Copenhagen: Gyldendal), a collection of stories, arranged in groups, derived from the West Greenland district of Godthaab. Two further volumes in the series are to be published in Danish.

The *Mercure de France* is running some hitherto unpublished papers by Michelet which bear upon the war of 1870.

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Points of View

From London

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I could not stop here without sending a greeting to you. Everything is as beautiful as ever it was and the flowers are even more beautiful than they have any business to be this side of Heaven. The Eros statue is now on the edge of the Thames: You go to the Westminster Bridge and turn to the left and the first thing you know you may have an invisible arrow in your imagination which is the place this fellow aims at. But no one is troubled over Eros any more: Epstein has kept everyone worrying for weeks and weeks: his bird sanctuary memorial to Hudson in Hyde Park draws crowds that seethe with rage and say there ought to be a law. One outraged citizen stood in front of it and talked twelve consecutive hours: variations on the theme TAKE IT OUT. I can't see why: it is a South American version of the Harpy Tomb, it seems to me, and Rima was a South American, wasn't she?

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes just wrote to ask me if I would meet a group of writers at Rumpelmayer's for tea next week: their names are most imposing. There was a Court last night and Ebury Street, where I live, was rolling with carriages, so I went around to Buckingham Palace and saw a half a dozen duchesses in red coaches with frog-footmen like Cinderella, and any number of lovely debutantes with white feathers. One of these lives next to me and very considerately stood on the curb Thursday night before she stepped into the carriage, long enough to see the gorgeous effect. I am to take tea with A. A. Milne next Friday, to meet Christopher Robin, who is going to autograph my copy of "When We Were Very Young." Oxford is so lovely I do not want to go back to London or anywhere but to live on Holywell Street for ever and ever.

MAY LAMBERTON BECKER.

London.

ɔubtful Wilde Item

litor of *The Saturday Review*:

In October, 1922, Messrs. Methuen of London published, in a volume uniform with the first collected edition of the works of Oscar Wilde issued by the same firm in 1908, the scenario of a play called "For Love of the King," which is described on the title-page as "A Burmese Masque." It was widely reviewed in England.

In an Introductory Note prefixed to the volume it is stated that the work was written for Mrs. Chan Toon (now Mrs. Wodehouse-Pearse) and that Wilde sent it to her in Burma accompanied by a letter dated November 27, 1894. "For Love of the King" was first published in *Hutchinson's Magazine*, London, in October, 1921: it appeared also in the New York *Century* in December of the same year.

No manuscript of this work in Wilde's handwriting is known to exist. It was printed from the typewritten copy, "bearing dear Oscar's corrections," which Mrs. Wodehouse-Pearse assures me she received from Wilde at the end of 1894. Through the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen, in whose possession this document is, I have been allowed to examine it. I have no hesitation in saying that the manuscript corrections are not in Wilde's autograph. I am prepared to state elsewhere, if required, in whose handwriting I believe these corrections to be.

Wilde was in the habit of preserving every scrap of his own writing. I have myself examined hundreds of manuscripts of his plays, stories, essays, and poems, both complete and incomplete, some written as early as his undergraduate days and some written during the last few years of his life. No single line of this "Burmese Masque" is known to exist in Wilde's manuscript nor, so far as I know, has any person seen the original of the letter dated November 27, 1894, which Wilde is stated to have written to Mrs. Chan Toon (as she then was). Wilde very seldom dated a letter.

Towards the end of 1894 Wilde was writing "The Importance of Being Earnest" and possibly had not finished "An Ideal Husband." An examination of the original manuscripts of these two plays in the British Museum will show Wilde's method of composition. It is almost incredible that at that period when Wilde was at the height of his dramatic career, when John Hare and other managers were pressing him to fulfil contracts for which he had already received payment, when (as he complains in the unpublished portion of "De Profundis") circumstances prevented him even from finishing his one-act play called "A Florentine Tragedy," he should have had the time or the inclination to compose and to complete and to revise this "Burmese Masque," differing entirely in subject-matter and in style from any work that he had previously attempted.

Further, it is stated in the Introductory Note that "the late Robert Ross much wanted to include it in an edition of Wilde's works . . . but he could not obtain the owner's consent." From 1905 to 1909 I was closely associated with the late Robert Ross in the preparation and editing of two collected editions of Wilde's works published by Messrs. Methuen which Robert Ross was anxious to make as complete as possible—even fragments of Wilde's American lectures and two unfinished plays were included. If the existence of "For Love of the King" had been known to Mr. Ross it is (to say the least) unlikely that he would not have mentioned it to me.

It is always difficult to prove a negative, but I suggest that until evidence of its authenticity be forthcoming, it should not be taken for granted that "For Love of the King" is the work of Oscar Wilde merely because it has been published under his name more than twenty years after his death.

STUART MASON.

London, England.

In his "La Vie en France au Moyen Age, de la Fin du XIIe au Milieu du XIVe Siecle, d'après les Moralistes du Temps" (Paris: Hachette) Charles V. Langlois presents what is virtually a series of twelve lectures digesting some of the most interesting of the works of twelve moralists from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. His book is a realistic portrayal of mediæval life, with biographical and critical material elucidating its narrative.

The third volume of "La Règne d'Alexandre Ier," by K. Waliszewski (Paris: Plon Nouritt), which has recently appeared, deals with the Congresses from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna, but its outstanding interest lies in the picture it presents of Russia during the reign of Alexander and in its analysis of the part that the Czar played in bringing about the demoralization of the country. It is a brilliant and biting depiction, unsparing in its characterization.

A book which, though popular in manner should prove of importance to students of history is Johannes Nohl's chronicle of the Black Death through the ages entitled "Der Schwarze Tod" (Potsdam: Kiepenhauer). The work is based on contemporary records and is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of woodcuts which were called forth in such large numbers by the plague.

Trade Winds

IT was Young Amherst's idea to put up a sign in our window, QUESTIONS ANSWERED, which has led to Business. A young, moderately fair Englishwoman came in and said she was much troubled by the word "galluses" which she had seen in all the stories of Gorilla Warfare in Tennessee. For a long time she had hesitated to ask anyone, fearing the answer might be embarrassing; but the word was not in her Concise Oxford Dictionary and she could endure the suspense no longer. Suspense, said Young Amherst, is exactly what galluses are intended to perform. Probably the plural, he said, should be *galli*; at any rate, madam, in a word, *suspenders*. They got looking it up in the Oxford Dictionary, which defines suspenders as "attachments to which tops of socks or stockings are hung." They became quite merry over this and Young Amherst is writing to the Oxford dictioneers to bring their learning up to date. From suspenders they rose to Russian fiction, and when they discovered that they both spelt Chehov the same way they were very happy. Like Oxford suspenders, it is a bond of union. Young Amherst sold her Gerhardi's maginificent book on Chehov; it was the only sale that afternoon.

Another inquiry elicited by Young Amherst's placard: "Where can I buy that book about Anatole France in Slippers, in the French?" Unluckily I was out of it, so I referred the lady to the excellent Pierre Jarry, who used to run the famous bookstall at the Brevoort; now he has opened his own shop *Au Coin de France* at 66 West 51, well stocked with all the current French books and magazines. When my Scandinavian soul is depressed with the uniformity of life I drop in at M. Jarry's and have a look at the Petites Annonces in *Le Sourire*. I often wonder what O. Henry would have thought of them as granules of short-story.

Best sellers in my shop the past fortnight (by which I mean the things it gave me the greatest pleasure to sell):—"The Travel Diary of a Philosopher," by Keyserling; Complete Prose, by Walt Whitman; "Dramatic Values," by C. E. Montague; Notebooks, by Samuel Butler; "The Crazy Fool," by Donald Ogden Stewart; Poems, by Emily Dickinson; "Serena Blandish," by A Lady of Quality.

It's queer how people's minds work. Not long ago, when there was some particularly comic controversy going on in the church, a downtown bookseller dug out of his stockroom a number of almost forgotten copies of "Scenes from Clerical Life." He put them in the window; within three days he had sold them all, and had an inquiry from a celluloid editor as to whether the book would make a good movie. The question is, what kind of excitement did these people think it was? Perhaps one of those Ronald Press books about double-entry bookkeeping.

How I'd love to have seen Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Knopf arriving in a droschky at the Polish acres of Wladyslaw Reymont, and all the Polonaises gathered at the front postern to shout an old fashioned Borzoi greeting.

Mr. John Murray, advertising in the London *Times*:—"Barren Ground," a new novel by the author of "Black Oxen."

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

Items

In and out of the office—

1. ONE song has been definitely decided upon for the second volume of *Barber Shop Ballads*. Close-harmonists far and wide have been berating *Sig Spaeth* for the omission of *Honey, Honey, Bless Your Heart. Honey* will be Song No. 1 in Series II.
2. By the way, *Ring Lardner* will never forgive *Sig Spaeth* for this omission. (See his sulphuric introduction to *Barber Shop Ballads*.)

3. Nevertheless, *Barber Shop Ballads* continues to go like hot cakes at the book stalls.
4. One of the reasons for this phenomenon is that *it really shows you how to sing in close harmony*. (A guarantee of this goes with each copy—price $2.00, equipped with two phonograph records.)

(One of the chip designs in Webster's Poker Book)

5. *Webster's Poker Book* will soon come out in a non-Barnum and Bailey edition. Price $1.50 instead of the $2.50. For those who own *Poker Chips*—the new edition will interest you.
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

SHAKESPEARE IN FRANCE: CRITICISM. By *C. M. Haines.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

CREATIVE YOUTH. Edited by *Hughes Mearns.* Doubleday, Page. $2.50 net.

Biography

FARMINGTON. By CLARENCE DARROW. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

The writing of personal reminiscenses is perhaps the branch of art which laymen most frequently undertake, yet to achieve the sense of things past, to beautify without sentimentalizing, to create through form a verisimilitude to the mind's movement as impressions come and go, melting one into another abruptly, but with the fluid grace of clouds, are feats requiring a conscious craftsmanship which few men of letters possess. Hence, one is not surprised to discover in Mr. Clarence Darrow's "Farmington" (a book written years ago, before Leopold and Loeb were born) a want of this peculiar form, this verisimilitude, and a tendency, more marked in the first few chapters, to weaken the subject matter. Mr. Darrow does not pretend to give us the whole truth of his boyhood scenes, nor does his imagination take flight in such a fashion as to give us more than the truth; and what he succeeds in giving is something less, a flattened, conventionalized portrayal, lacking individuality. That boys ignore the precepts of their copybooks, that they are less proficient at essay writing than are girls—such bits of wisdom we will accept without long pages of proof. But surely the juvenile life of Farmington must have contained elements by which one might distinguish it from juvenile life everywhere else. In Sherwood Anderson's home town, for instance, the boys flung cabbages against the doors of dwellings; and one regrets Mr. Darrow's inclination to round off the rough and sometimes jagged edge of reality which modern fingers love to explore.

This fault is more conspicuous in the early chapters than in the later ones, where Mr. Darrow frees himself, as well, from that type of repetition which is effective on the platform but less charming in print, and does so without losing a certain admirable quaintness, a studied, humorous naivety of expression that brings to mind the simplicity of Gulliver.

Nor must it be supposed that Mr. Darrow's ideas about the relations between children and parents, and other issues of childhood, are gushingly sentimental. His mind runs to the matter-of-fact. Emotion, he tells us, was not manifested in that Puritanical household; the children were never kissed by the mother. They did not regard their father as a hero, nor their mother as a particularly good cook. Mr. Darrow does not believe in teaching by rule or rod, and perhaps he would agree with Shaw that "a good beginning might be made by enacting that any person dictating a piece of conduct to a child . . . as the will of God . . . should be dealt with as a blasphemer."

Drama

MAKERS OF LIGHT. By FREDERIC LANSING DAY. Brentanos. 1925. $1.50.

Those who saw this play at the Neighborhood Playhouse some three seasons ago were impressed by the excellence of characterization, the simplicity of dialogue, and the sincerity and power with which the author managed to infuse the whole. It is not an easy thing to take an old, and rather overworked plot, and give it new life and significance. This is what Frederic Lansing Day has done in "Makers of Light." It is very American, too, this study of a starved country school teacher and the tragedy of her life and the sensitive, adolescent youth who becomes her lover. The narrow, little backwoods community is not the legendary New England of which we so often read. Millville and its high school, as well as its teachers and scholars, are of here and now. Despite the quiet pace of the early part of the play there is steadily mounting suspense towards the end, and while the playwright spares no detail that will emphasize his theme, he is remarkably successful in avoiding the dogmatic. Like Galsworthy, he is content to show conditions as they exist, leaving the audience free to point its own moral. The character of the sensitive, emotionally-precocious high school boy, is as fine a piece of writing as we have come across in many a day, and the dialogue unusual in its colloquial simplicity. Synge once remarked that in a play each line should be "finely flavored as a nut or an apple." We think this might be said of "Makers of Light."

Fiction

PATTERN. By ROSE L. FRANKEN. Scribners. 1925. $2.

It is not a new experience to follow the protagonist through a long career to the crisis of his discovery that life is a pattern wherein he fits. The author of "Pattern" has selected incidents and details which are insufficiently striking to revive this old theme. Philip in "Of Human Bondage" is always vivid and his doings are interesting in themselves, but the characters of "Pattern" are as commonplace as the lives they lead. Virginia, an ordinary girl, grows up in New York City, marries, has a child, becomes restless, dabbles in "modernism," and then finds her place. But she is never unique; she does nothing unique. Realism does not imply an illustrative selection of averages, but a selection of arresting particulars out of which, by the logic of art, may issue a universal. "Pattern" is only a mass of particulars which any memory could

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

conjure up. Its style is smooth but occasionally too caressing, and lacks both firmness and lyrical beauty. The early chapters, with their brief sketches of Virginia's family, show promise of a good novel, but the theme is too relentlessly pursued.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT. By DANE COOLIDGE. Dutton. 1925. $2.

That there should be a wild-west story in which the love-interest plays a minor part and in which many are threatened but none are killed is nothing short of miraculous. Yet such a book is Dane Coolidge's latest.

"Lorenzo the Magnificent" is the history of the losing struggle made by a Spanish grandee of New Mexico against the invading Texans. His cattle, his lands, and his daughter fall to the daring gringoes, who are all villains; while what they miss goes to the arch-villain of the piece, who in methods, in actions, and in his fate is a Mexican parallel to Sir Giles Overreach. Of course all ends happily, with no one dead and too few injured to warrant front-page space in any newspaper.

Mr. Coolidge seems to know whereof he writes. If his descriptions are labored they are at least circumstantial; if his characters do not breathe they are at least true to type; if his action does not run smoothly it is at least convincing. Yet "Lorenzo the Magnificent" will not satisfy many readers: as a wild-west thriller it fails to thrill, and as an historical novel it is not very significant.

THE CHECKERED FLAG. By JOHN MERESEREAU. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

Jack Reese, a young shop superintendent in a great automobile manufacturing company, worked outside of factory hours upon a new motor which he and his pal, a reformed Paris Apache and flying ace, were inventing. A high official in the company, secretly an ally of a rival concern, effected their discharge, with nefarious plans in view. From that point on things happen at racing speed. The two young inventors stake their last cent on the perfection of their motor, and the possibility of winning the annual race. What luck was theirs, and the many exciting adventures that mounted between them are for the seeking. For those who delight in action, unadorned with literary handicaps, "The Checkered Flag," in the parlance of sport, will prove a prize-winner.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BAD MAN. By ARTHUR TRAIN. Scribners. 1925. $3.

This is a series of thirteen essays and brief narratives all focussed on matters of law and courts of law. In the author's familiar sprightly style, he has drawn from many years' experience at the bar, revealing a sharp observation of human nature and hitting drily many foibles of law and lawyers. An interesting and instructive chapter on the work of the District Attorney, and another of sane observations on the legal features of marriage and divorce seem the most worth while of the thirteen. It is evident that Mr. Train's interest and point of view are fully as much of the novelist as of the lawyer. The result is a rather happy compromise between the sobriety of the subject and the vivacity of its presentation.

COPY: 1925. Introduction by DONALD LEMEN CLARK. Appleton. $2.

This volume is made up of the published work of students in the Extension courses in writing of Columbia University. It is an interesting although not a distinguished anthology, for it attains to no more than the average level of present-day magazine production, and has little to present in the way of fine style, original thought, or exceptional artistry. It might almost be termed an anthology of short stories, for nearly three-quarters of its total space is devoted to brief specimens of fiction; and the poems, plays, and essays are relegated to an inconspicuous position in the rear of the book. One wonders, indeed, at the fact that only six pages are given to verse as against two hundred and forty pages to short stories; and one cannot but ask whether the quantitive insignificance both of the poems and of the essays represents the tendencies of Columbia's extension students or merely the individual bias of the compilers.

THE CARAWAYS. By GEORGE LOOMS. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

This is the story of John Caraway, a young man who violates the taboos of society, adopts the baby boy of whom he finds himself father, and moves from the scene of his early activities. Part two continues the history of the two Caraways, father and son, after the boy has grown into a youth. Milton, the son, falls in love with the daughter of the only man who knew his father in his youth and who then informs the boy of his questionable birth. In the reactions of both father and son to this dramatic situation the author attempts to drive home the needless cruelty of it all. For "conventions amount to damn little when human lives are concerned."

Mr. Looms writes well. But he has not yet learned to grasp the three dimensions. His descriptive work is done gracefully and vividly. But his characters are a bit stiff, being painted rather than created. And although the painting is indeed fine, it is this that prevents him from attaining the heights for which he so evidently reaches.

History

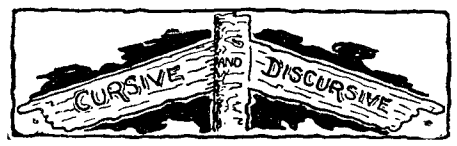
THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN POLITICAL PARTIES: A Sketch of Party Development. By EDGAR E. ROBINSON. Harcourt, Brace. 1925.

To write a history of American political parties without at the same time writing a political history of the American people since parties began is assuredly no easy task, and a fair argument might be made out by those who think that the task, on the whole, is impossible. If, however, Professor Robinson has not done the thing beyond cavil, he has at least done it appreciably better than anyone else who has attempted it, and his carefully written and admirably impartial book deserves the attention of all those, whether readers or students, who want to see what our political history on its party side is like. Professor Robinson points out that while it is "generally believed that two great parties are peculiarly adapted to American conditions and that third party movements are ineffectual, undesirable, and in the United States doomed to failure," the changes in national life which have taken place since the two-party system began make that system of doubtful applicability to present political needs, and he intimates that the formation of groups within the dominant parties may in time produce a third party movement at once useful and permanent. The mistake that has thus far been made is in assuming that, in order for a third party to live, the dominance of the older parties must be destroyed. What keeps the third party movement active, of course, is the rise of economic interests in regard to which the mass of voters can no longer be expected to take one of only two sides; and if to the element of vital economic interest can be added the indispensable element of national organization and appeal, a party system better adapted to present political conditions than the one we now have may in due course be expected to appear.

Science

THE SCIENCE OF BIOLOGY. By GEORGE G. SCOTT. Crowell. 1925. $3.50.

This is a text book for colleges based on a combination of the so-called type and principle plans of presentation of the subject. About one-half of the book is devoted to a description of series of animal and plant types. The rest of the book is concerned with brief discussions of rather more general aspects of the subject, including, of course, chapters on adaptation and evolution and the biology of man.



HERE is subjoined the diary—or rather the partial diary—of a vacationist (or, may we say a partial vacationist) who, having left the moiling town for pleasant upland pastures, promising himself time to do some of the reading and some of the writing that an editorial life in the city made impossible, finds himself, as it might be, in a peculiar quandary:

Monday: Yes, there are the first few pages of my novel. Arr-r! Such stuff! I must begin it all over again. Well, isn't it *superb* to be free of the stridence of New York! How *peaceful* it is here, alone in my leafy study! O-o-o, *my!*—I guess I'll just take a bit of a snooze. After all, I came up here for a partial vacation. . .

Tuesday: There are those "Select Dialogues of Lucian" that I set aside to read at my leisure in peace and quiet. Well, suppose I begin. Here's a dialogue, "The Infernall Ferrie." That seems a good place to start. Let's see; where's my pipe? Doggone it, I guess I'll have to go up to the cottage for my pipe. . . What a really delightful country road; and there's a blue mountain, . . .

Wednesday: Well, today is certainly a gorgeously sunny one, with a nice cool breeze. Just the day to get in some great licks on my novel. . . I certainly feel tip-top! How I enjoyed that breakfast! But I mustn't forget I'm supposed to be getting some rest up here, also. Hmm! That's a bad beginning to that first chapter. Let me think——. Gosh, that typewriter certainly needs a new ribbon! Well, they'll probably have one over in Dingletown. After all, it's only five miles. . .

Thursday: Had to order that ribbon; and of course it won't come for two days. Anyway, this is my day for reading. Where's that *Lucian*. Oh, I remember, I lent it last night to Professor Hypotenuse. Well, lots to read, anyway; there's that Carlyle I was going to get at, really get at, for once in my life. Good Lord, have I actually run out of cigarettes? They say they serve a remarkable lunch over Shaftesbury way at the Elm Tree Tavern; and there's that general store. . .

Friday: Ribbon hasn't come yet, and I told that Miss Chalmers I'd teach her how to swim over at Lake Fallenleaf. . .

Saturday: It's the wrong ribbon! I told them a Corona. Oh well, this is Saturday anyway! . . .

Sunday: Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy; six days thou shalt labour. . .

Monday: Hello, I thought I'd make a new start on that novel! Well, well, if that isn't surprising! Let's see. . . Queer, how hypnotic the effect of rustling leaves is. . . Good gracious, that isn't *sunset*. . . !

Tuesday: I didn't get exactly started on that first chapter yesterday. Today is bound to go better. Let's see now, I'll really concentrate. Would it be better to have Arthur meet Elise for the first time at a picnic or at a prize-fight? If at a prize-fight,—but, on the other hand,—if at a picnic——. *Well,* do you actually mean to tell me that I haven't a single pencil in this shack,—or a single eraser? ! ! . . .

Wednesday: Miss Chalmers wants to go over to Lake Fallenleaf again! That girl can't seem to understand that I came up here to *work!* Really, people allow one simply *no* time to one's-self! . . .

Thursday: I've been here so long now that I really *must* get off a few letters,—or, at least, I guess people would rather have postals. . .

Friday: Carlyle,—hmm! Well, let's see. . . Hmm! I wonder if that bird is what they call a chaffinch? Of course, it might be a bullfinch. And then, it's just possible that it's a grosbeak. One really ought to know about the wild birds. . .

Saturday: Oh, hello, Miss Chalmers! . . .

Sunday: In it thou shalt do no manner of work. . .

Monday: Great shape this vacationing gets you into! One gets so little opportunity for mountain climbing in the city. I think if I went up Old Baldy it would be the finest kind of a place to work out those first two chapters in my own mind, . . .

Tuesday: Ran out of pipe tobacco again. . . Tavern. . .

Wednesday: This should really be my

(*Continued on next page*)

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Cursive, Discursive

(*Continued from preceding page*)

day for reading. I'll just glance through this *Saturday Evening Post* before I settle down to Carlyle. . .

Thursday: Well, Miss Chalmers,—who would have expected to meet *you* this fine morning. . . !

Friday: Dammit! Typewriter fell off table and bust the carriage! . . .

Saturday: So near the end of my vacation that I really ought to go up Old Baldy for the last time. And the Chalmers are giving a picnic. . .

Sunday: How these Sundays of enforced idleness *do* cut into one's working week. I could have got in some mighty licks on my novel today,—but of course it was *Sunday!*

Monday: Only two more days of vacation. The thought is so depressing that it is simply impossible to work. I am sure that a brisk walk. . .

Tuesday: Farewell swimming party given by the Chalmers. . .

Wednesday: I positively *have* to pack. . .

Thursday: And so, on the train for the city. Well, at any rate I certainly have a fine sunburn, and my muscles feel like iron. I must get around to reading Carlyle some day, though. I guess the city is really the best place to write in; there's a certain kinetic energy in the metropolitan vibration of the air. . .

W. R. B.

The Dent edition of Pirandello's plays, recently issued in England, was sold out in three days after publication.

A Lord Byron Interantional Memorial Fund has been instituted in England. The object is to provide a memorial to Byron in the church at Hucknall Torkard and Byron travelling scholarships for students of the humanities, irrespective of national-

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

CARAVAN. By *John Galsworthy* (Scribners).

HOMER. By *John A. Scott* (Marshall Jones).

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE. By *Henshaw Ward* (Bobbs-Merrill).

J. W. F., Buffalo, N. Y., has had difficulty in finding books on landscape architecture.

"DESIGN in Landscape Gardening," by Ralph Rodney Root of the University of Illinois and Charles F. Kelley of Ohio State University, is a valuable publication (Batsford). "The Art of Landscape Gardening," by Humphrey Repton, Esq., (1752-1818), edited by John Nolen, was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1907 and is important in the history of landscape gardening. It includes his sketches and hints on the art, in theory and in practice. "The Art of Landscape Architecture," by Samuel Parsons (Putnam), has citations from many authorities and a bibliography. "An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design," by H. V. Hubbard and Theodore Kimball (Macmillan), gives working theory applied to practical problems: it is for the student intending to make landscape architecture his profession or for the guidance of an owner. For planning and planting a smaller place, the designs and working drawings of Elsa Rehmann's "The Small Place" (Putnam) are valuable.

S. M. A., Macon, Ga., asks for books that would be helpful to a club whose subject for the year is Africa, especially in regard to physical characteristics, colonization, and missionaries.

"A LITERARY and Historical Atlas of Africa and Australia," one of the series of historical atlases that form several volumes of Everyman's, would be a good cornerstone. "Intervention and Colonization in Africa," by Harris and Shotwell (Houghton Mifflin), is a history, chiefly from official sources, of the colonial expansion movement in Africa, giving national policies and methods. "The Black Man's Burden," by E. D. Morel (Huebsch), and "Africa: Slave or Free?" by J. H. Harris (Dutton), are strongly against the the abuses of white rule. "The Lure of Africa," by C. H. Patten, is published by the Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., a little book on conditions, intended for mission students; Doran publishes a number of little biographies of missionaries which would make excellent reading for this purpose, and so would "Back to the Long Grass," by Dan Crawford (Doran), which retraces the last journey of Livingstone. "The Last Frontier," by E. A. Powell (Scribner), and "South of Suez," by W. A. Anderson (McBride), are studies of Africa in transition based on personal experience. I have been printing lists of new books of African travel lately; here are some of these I have not as yet named in print, not so recent but of value for library collections. "North Africa and the Desert," by George Woodberry (Scribner), a beautifully written study of the distinctive charms of places and peoples. "In Morocco," one of Edith Wharton's travel-books (Scribner). The breath-taking adventure of Rosita Forbes in penetrating to Kufara, set forth in "The Secret of the Sahara" (Doran). "Alone in the Sleeping-Sickness Country," by Felix Oswald (Dutton), which has many pictures of the Victoria Nyanza country, its native life and customs. "The Land of Fotprints," by Stewart E. White (Doubleday, Page) hunting stories of East Equatorial Africa; and a recently published volume about "British East," called "Camera Trails in Africa" (Century), full of admirable pictures of big game in action; this is by Martin Johnson, and would interest any outdoorman. "Black Sheep," by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie (Houghton Mifflin), is a classic of missionary literature, sympathetic in the true sense, and set forth with rare beauty of phrase. Her "African Clearings" (Houghton Mifflin), is a recently published book of the jungle. To the recently printed list of African novels might be added the new edition of Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Form," which Little, Brown has issued with a biographical introduction by her husband.

EARLE WALBRIDGE, librarian of the Harvard Club, has made a list of "Half Told Tales," novels left unfinished at the death of their authors, that he tells me is the result of the note on De Morgan's "Old Madhouse" that I made in "A Reader's Guide Book" (Holt). At least, that gave him the idea, which he has developed in an annotated list appearing in the *Library Journal*, for March 1. It has not only "Drood" but more novels than most readers realize were left unfinished: the fragments left by Disreali and by Hawthorne, Jane Austen's "The Watsons"—the charming bits of "Sanditon" appeared after the list was in print—Henry James's "Ivory Tower," and the two Stevensons, "St. Ives" and "Weir of Hermiston.' He quotes from Mrs. Frank Stockton's introduction to his unfinished "Captain's Toll-Gate" the statement that Stockton's sense of literary ethics was such that he refused "to complete a book which a popular author, whose style was thought to resemble his own, had left unfinished," and asks if anyone knows what novel this was?

Though this list is restricted to novels, it reminds me to remind readers interested in this subject that in my opinion "The Dove's Nest," in which posthumous fragments of short stories by Katherine Mansfield are collected (Knopf), is one of the most beautiful and valuable of these "Unfinished windows in Aladdin's tower."

M. E. S., Washington, D. C., asks for books for a Canadian tour, especially the St. Lawrence country.

"SEEING Canada," by John T. Faris (Lippincott), is almost as detailed as a guide book; it is new and well illustrated. "The Laurentians," by T. M. Longstreth (Century), is especially good for the "Marie Chapdelaine country." "The Canadian Commonwealth," by Agnes Laut (Bobbs-Merrill), and "Canada the Spellbinder," by Lilian Whiting (Dutton), are enthusiastic descriptions, one of conditions and possibilities, the other of scenery, resources, and education, including poetry. The travel booklets sent out by the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways are accurate and alluring; so much so indeed that I am coming home by way of Quebec. The Toronto Public Library answers many questions for intending travelers or for clubs studying Canada: they have answered many for me.

E. N., Stamford, Conn., asks for a book of stories of English history for children with poems for children by Kipling.

THIS must be Kipling's own immortal contribution to child literature, "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies" (Doubleday, Page), for these have poems interspersed, and good ones they are, too.

C. C., Wheeling, W. Va., asks if there has been a uniform edition of the works of Remy de Gourmont in translation.

THE translations of Remy de Gourmont have been uneven in quality, often ineptly chosen, and come from several publishers. Luce published his "Book of Masks" and a selection of the "Promenades Philosophiques" as "Philosophic Nights in Paris"; Brown, "Very Woman" ("Sixtine"), and "A Virgin Heart," the latter translated by Aldous Huxley; Lieber & Lewis brought out "Mr. Antipholos, Satyr," and Boni & Liveright "Natural Philosophy of Love." If I were choosing one book by which to introduce him to an English-reading public it would be the selection of essays published by Harcourt, Brace under the title "Decadence."

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Genesis

THIS issue marks the first anniversary of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The growth of *The Saturday Review* from 0 to more than 23,000 subscribers within its first year is without parallel among literary journals. It has been impossible to acknowledge all the congratulatory letters received by the Editors during the past few weeks. We take this opportunity to thank our Charter Subscribers for their early support and continued interest; to assure them of our intention to maintain the high standards of *The Saturday Review*.

Ellen Glasgow:

"I send my heartiest congratulations and best wishes to The Saturday Review of Literature. The first year has been even better than I expected, and from Dr. Canby and his associate editors I expected a great deal. The paper stands, I feel, with the best in Great Britain, and no one who is interested in intellectual ideas can afford to be without it. To the few of us who are still 'literary' and yet unashamed it is a weekly delight. Nothing, indeed, more encouraging has happened in America in the last twelve months than the immediate success of such a distinguished paper as The Saturday Review."

William McFee:

"The anniversary of The Saturday Review of Literature came as a very complete surprise to me. I did not realize that it was a year since the first issue came to me here. It is with very hearty pleasure I send you my congratulations, all the more sincere that they are disinterested. I haven't done a thing to help. Perhaps that explains the success."

Walter Lippman:

"My congratulations to Mr. Canby and his associates. They haven't achieved half the circulation they would have if all the people who care for intelligence without strings tied to it found out about The Review."

Robert Bridges:

"I heartily congratulate Dr. Canby and the management on the success of The Saturday Review and the appreciation shown by its many subscribers. From the first number, I have read it, and I know that it is fair in its judgments and that it has steered clear of fads and prejudices. I like particularly its interest in the best poetry and its encouragement to new writers. Best wishes for increasing success."

Henry Goddard Leach: *Editor,* THE FORUM.

"The success of The Saturday Review is a tribute to the intelligence of the American people. Above the roar of Main Street the residents of High Street are making themselves audible."

[illegible]nklin D. Roosevelt:

"On the occasion of its first anniversary please let me tell you how excellent a publication I consider The Saturday Review. I am sure that Mr. Canby must feel a very keen sense of pride and satisfaction in a big task well accomplished."

John L. Lowes:

"Hearty congratulations on a year during which The Saturday Review has moved, like the Happy Warrior, 'from well to better.'"

W. A. Neilson: *President, Smith College.*

"This is only a line to congratulate you on having reached the end of your first year with The Saturday Review with so brilliant a record behind you and so promising a future lying before. It is a matter for all of us to congratulate ourselves on that you have found so satisfactory a response during the first year."

Sinclair Lewis:

"My deepest bow to The Saturday Review on its year of success in maintaining that great literature may actually be as important as balloon tires and as interesting as cross word puzzles."

Henry Van Dyke:

"I congratulate you sincerely upon the success of The Saturday Review of Literature, and regret that my health and the pressure of my work prevent me from writing more fully."

Arthur T. Hadley:

"I am very glad indeed to congratulate both the Editors and the Publishers of the Saturday Review of Literature on the success which has attended the first year of its life."

Hamlin Garland:

"I am just this moment returned from Europe and fear it is too late for congratulations. Nevertheless, I tender them, with sincere good will. We have so much literature in America which is addressed to the moronic level that I welcome (and uphold) any venture like The Saturday Review."

Wilbur Cross: *Editor,* THE YALE REVIEW.

"I wish to congratulate you on your safe arrival at the first anniversary of The Saturday Review. Personally I have never doubted that there was a public in these United States for a review of the very high standards you at first set and have since more than maintained."

Fannie Hurst:

"The Saturday Review, long may it wave, should come into the healthy occasion of its first anniversary convinced that not only can first rate critical talent be assembled in America to create a literary weekly of the highest intellectual standing but that there is a surprisingly large and eager American public for just that sort of reading."

Wm. Lyon Phelps:

"As a charter subscriber to the Saturday Review of Literature, please let me congratulate Dr. Canby, his editorial associates, and the publishers; I wish them all many happy returns. An authoritative journal exclusively devoted to literature, whose decisions are eagerly awaited—that is exactly what The Saturday Review has become in one year."

Don Marquis:

"The hope of American literature lies in the success of such independent ventures as The Saturday Review. Already, in one brief year, it has passed from a thing which merely promised well into a thing which has definitely achieved."

The Phoenix Nest

THE Phœnician being at present sequestered in the mountains, far from the fluttering clip-sheet, publicity-note, and blurb, looks wanly about him to arrange this week's nosegay of notes about authors and their books. * * * A few sprigs only lie at hand. * * * For one thing you should be on the lookout in the fall for *Louis Untermeyer's* "The Fat of the Cat," a delightfully whimsical translation for children. * * * *Gilbert Seldes* and wife are in camp at Saranac Lake, and *Arthur Davison Ficke* and wife are in the same salubrious region, encompassed by pinewoods. * * * *DuBose Heyward* is working on a new novel at Peterboro, N. H. * * * Most of the authors have hied to one rural spot or another for the time being, and by this or that lake, or under this or that mountain, the midsummer air vibrates to the chatter of the typewriter as well as to the wing-filing of assiduous crickets (not critics!) * * * Meanwhile we can only turn to wondering, in our mountain fastness, what our authors *might* be doing with their summer vacations, if one gave free rein to fantasy. * * * For instance, *Harold Bell Wright might* be fashioning delicate tricolets up at some villa in Naples. * * * *Theodore Dreiser* might be at work on the sixth chapter of "Isabel's New Governess," a book for girls, in his staid old Philadelphia mansion. * * * *Agnes Repplier* might be stalking hartebeeste in Nigeria and thus collecting material for a forthcoming travel book, "The Vicious Veldt." * * * *Upton Sinclair* might be engaged, nigh to the river Stour in England, upon a monograph to be entitled, "The Old Half-Timbered Houses of Sudbury—Their Antique Charm." * * * We can imagine *James Branch Cabell* in the middle of Arizona, all among the cactus, writing his gripping western story, "God and the He-Man." * * * And anon comes a vision of *Rafael Sabatini* compiling his scholarly "Tables of Trigonometrical Functions other than Sines, Cosines, and Tangents" in a boarding house on Long Island. * * * The study of "Polynesian Taboo" would be but a summer's chore, surely, for *P. G. Wodehouse.* * * * And *A. A. Milne* and *A. P. Herbert* should surely be collaborating upon a definitive treatise on "The 'Hittite' Monuments; with Special Attention to the 'Hamathite' Inscriptions." * * * *Edmund Gosse* could be writing "Sue of the Silverscreen: A Tale of Hollywood," while *Brander Matthews* prepared for the Christmas trade "The Radio Bandits," a modern mystery tale with a thrill in every paragraph. * * * Among the poets, volumes we should like to see in preparation would be *Marianne Moore's* "Dialect Ballads and Homespun Songs" and *Edgar Guest's* "Arthritis: Some Diapasons in Dejection." * * * To these we might add a possible "Down on the Dear Old Farm," from *T. S. Eliot,* and *Walt Mason's* "Theodectes of Phaselis, a Blank Verse Tragedy concerning the Pupil of Isocrates." * * * These are but a few of the titles that hum into our head. *Rex Beach* might surely be imagined as fashioning, in the upland region of Epirus, a delicious travesty of conventional life to be entitled "Prince Pertinax's Picnic," while *Max Beerbohm* sojourned on the lower reaches of the Penobscot, rattling his Remington Portable to the tune of "Hellfire Harry: A Romance of the Frozen North." * * * That is the trouble with most of our authors today, they stick too closely to their lasts, they rarely salute us with the unexpected. * * * We don't know what most of their plans are at the present writing, but we really hope they will consider these timid suggestions seriously. * * * It is estimated the wisest advice to counsel a writer never to stray from his own back-yard,—to abide by the work he knows he can do best. * * * Not at all! * * * By so doing any writer becomes monotonous. * * * If *Zane Grey* would only stop riding the purple sage and give us a Persian apologue,—if *Henry L. Mencken* would but stop winding the big bazoo and flutter our hearts with a few "Roseleaves from Mother's Old Rose Jar," or *Van Wyck Brooks* come out with "The Intellectual Obfuscation of Pliny the Elder," our jaded expectations would be refreshed, excursions into pastures new by the great minds of our time might make the atmosphere of contemporary literature a livelier ozone. * * * Anything to upset our present categories! * * * Let humorist metamorphose into tragic realist and t. r. *vice versa!* * * * Let historians turn to light verse and colyumists take to pure mathematics! * * * At present each writer's new work fits too neatly into the pigeonhole allotted him. * * * Such is the heresy that absence from the great city induces. * * * "Though Paradise be merry and bright, Cockaygne is of fairer sight"—and surely a survey of our literature at the present time could hardly account it Paradise! * * * It is as a series of stalls in a market. * * * Well, you say, if a man gives his whole life and effort to growing good cabbages, I am more assured of content by purchasing my cabbages of him than of another who raiseth now one season sunflowers now another hornéd cattle. Which is the cabbage-master? * * * True, of a verity, yet it might be that in the cabbages of him whose experience with cabbage-growing is scanty might inhere an exotic flavor, a strange delightful eccentric taste whetting anew the palate of the staled consumer of the stereotyped market product. * * * Oh well,—if all you want is your old familiar cabbage,—the cabbage of your forefathers! * * * A murrain on you! * * * So saying, we gaze out past our pinetree toward our blue mountain. * * * As Publius Syrus has said, "There are some remedies worse than the disease," and our suggestion may be one of them. * * * Yet, as he also admitted, "Even a single hair casts a shadow," and it is possible that our words may cast a little shadow on the present fixed categories. * * * Yet, "Powerful indeed," he opines, "is the empire of habit." * * * That is from Maxim 305. * * * But we are quoting too much from Publius. * * * Sorrowfully we close our Bartlett. * * * A bird is cheeping in an irritating way. * * * Sweet purling note, thou also hast thy monotony! * * * And, indeed, all things in nature are incredibly monotonous, so why should we wonder at the ways of authors? * * * But Francis Thompson, in his "Ode to the Setting Sun," after commenting upon its setting each evening after a different fashion, still demanded of it, with human dissatisfaction, "Change not at all or utterly!" * * * And if nature sometimes proves too uniform in its manifestations, can we not possibly improve upon it in the manifestations of man? * * * At any rate, think it over! * * * We seem to have stretched this argument now about as far as it will go. * * * When you stretch them too far, arguments have a habit (in common with elastics) of flying back and flipping you on the nose. * * * So we guess it is time to stop. * * * At any rate, as Publius Syrus has said—where *is* that Bartlett? * * * And who the devil *was* Publius Syrus anyway, that he should have written so many maxims?

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Salad Bowl

A lady, unescorted, may sometimes be refused admission to a hotel by a plea of lack of rooms or some evasion of that kind. It is well, therefore, for "lone women," especially if young, to write or telegraph in advance; or, better yet, to take a note of introduction. In case a lady finds herself unexpectedly alone and unacquainted in the city, and compelled to go to a hotel for the night, let her do so without hesitation, however, since the great probability is that she will meet with no more obstacle than if her father or her husband were with her.

Fees to servants in hotels are not generally regarded as necessary, although this bad, un-American custom is creeping into the more fashionable and modern ones uptown.

—Rand, McNally & Co.'s *Guide to New York City,* 1898.

While living in Brooklyn (1836-50) I went regularly every week at the mild seasons down to Coney Island, at that time a long, bare unfrequented shore, which I had all to myself, and where I loved, after bathing, to race up and down the hard sand, and declaim Homer and Shakespeare to the surf and seagulls.

—Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days.*

Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

—Emerson, *The American Scholar* (1837).

She was the sort of person whose bosom enters the room first, closely followed by her chin. She hoped to be recognized as a notorious novelist. A public of a hundred thousand housemaids was all she asked.

—Stella Benson (but not describing herself), in *I Pose,* a novel.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

VOL. XXX OF THE "AMERICAN BOOK PRICES CURRENT."

THE "American Book Prices Current" containing a record of books, manuscripts, autograph letters and broadsides sold at auction in New York, and elsewhere, during the season of 1923-1924, compiled from auctioneers' catalogues, making the thirtieth annual volume, limited to 650 copies, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., of this city, has just appeared. The season of 1923-1924 opened September 8 with a sale of rare Americana by Charles F. Heartman at Metuchen, N. J., and ended June 24, 1924, with a sale of rare Americana by Stan. V. Henkels in Philadelphia. In all, there were 104 sales recorded: forty-one by the Anderson Galleries, seventeen by the Walpole Galleries, and fourteen by the American Art Association, in this city. Thirteen sales were held by Charles F. Heartman in Metuchen, N. J., and nineteen by Stan. V. Henkels in Philadelphia. This volume contains 841 pages, records approximately 13,000 lots, selected from approximately 90,000 lots in 104 catalogues.

The editor calls attention to the fact that this volume is of singular interest, for this season was preeminently one of new values. While the standard bibliographic treasures of past years were well represented, the predominant influence was modern, expressed by great increase in value of many comparatively recent books and the first appearance at high prices of many new authors. What may be regarded as the key-sales of the year were those of the late John Quinn at the Anderson Galleries and of the late Stephen Wakeman by the American Art Association. Each was a strongly individualized collection, the reading library of a man of pronounced personality, with the courage to keep his collection within the limits of his own tastes. As a result, these two catalogues are destined to become landmarks in bibliographical history.

The Quinn library, dispersed in five sections, beginning in the middle of November and ending in the middle of March, was of extraordinary interest and its catalogue, compiled with the greatest care and printed by William Edwin Rudge, attracted international attention. Collectors were quick to see that it was well calculated to serve as a practical hand-book of modern British and American authors for a long time to come, and will always have a place in bibliographical history. The price-interest, however, centered mainly in the manuscripts. Among these may be cited the fine early Stevenson manuscript of "Monmouth," which sold for $1,200, that of Joyce's "Ulysses" at $1,975 and two odes of George Meredith, "Alsace Lorraine," at $670 and "Napoleon" at $775. The sales of the manuscripts of Joseph Conrad furnished not only the chief sensation of the sale, but of the entire season. Prices were promptly cabled to London and caused a great deal of comment. The highest price, $8,100 was paid for the manuscript of "Victory," but "Under Western Eyes" brought $6,900; "Chance," $6,000; and "Almayer's Folly," $5,300. The Conrad collection of books and manuscripts sold for $110,998, certainly a remarkable record for an author then living. The entire Quinn library realized $226,351.85 and holds the record as the most valuable library sold in this country during the season.

The Wakeman collection was composed of the works of nine American authors of the nineteenth century: Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, Thoreau, and Whittier. Many items were new to the auction room, most were rare, and the prices in many cases were astonishingly high. An inscribed copy of Lowell's "Commemoration Ode," brought $800; Holme's scarce "New England's Master-Key," Chamberlain's copy, $525; the privately printed copy of "Lecture—1863," $570; and an inscribed copy of the "Life of Emerson," $710. All of these nine authors had many record-breaking items, but the outstanding feature was the remarkable Poe collection, nearly all inscribed or autographed, of which "Al Aaraff, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" sold for $2,900; "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, Vol. I" with Poe's revisions for a new edition, $3,400; three copies of "The Raven and Other Poems," one inscribed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, $4,200, another with an autograph stanza of the poet laid in, $2,600; and a copy of the excessively rare "Prospectus of the Stylus," with an autograph note on the verso, $1,000. The first editions and association material in this remarkable collection fetched $67,586, more than the American first editions in the collections of Foote, Maier, Arnold, Pyser, Chamberlain and Wallace combined. This sale demonstrated conclusively that there was no lack of interest in these early American authors, and it is the opinion of many that there will be a swing back in their direction.

There were other very important sales. A further consignment of the library of Herman Leroy Edgar, at the American Art Association, contained some very rare first editions of Thackeray which brought good prices. A sale of unusual quality was that of the library of Mrs. Phoebe A. Boyle, which contained many rare first editions of the great English authors, many magnificent bindings lavishly jeweled or set with ivory miniatures, and a splendid collection of modern illuminated manuscripts. Among authors' manuscripts this library contained Thackeray's two lectures of George I and II, which sold for $5,000.

The prices for Americana continued to be highly satisfactory. Many items were of extreme rarity and they never failed to sell well. The Charles F. Heartman auction rooms in Metuchen, N. J., continued to present a remarkably interesting series of offerings. These included Judge Sewall's file of the *Boston News Letter*, 1719-1722, which brought $2,300, a copy of Horsmanden's "Journal," 1744, selling for $750, and the very scarce Franklin issue, Janeway's "Token for Children," $750.

The season's autographic offerings were large in volume and highly important. This volume contains more than twice the space allotted to autograph letters and manuscripts in the last two volumes. Several Napoleon items were of high value, among them papers connected with his death at St. Helena which brought $1,200, and a fine collection, including three manuscripts and nine letters of Napoleon, with a mass of associated material, which sold as a single lot, realized $9,500. The manuscript of Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," sold by Henkel, fetched $7,500, the highest price paid during the year for an American manuscript. An autograph letter of Nathan Hale fetched $1,700 and two Lincoln letters sold for $1,250 each.

This annual seems to grow more indispensable every year. The active collector and rare book dealer simply must have it. The significance of a season's sales does not stand out sharp and clear until they can be reviewed in the "American Book Prices Current." This series of annuals is a permanent memorial to Luther S. Livingston, its compiler and editor in its early years, and E. P. Dutton & Co. are entitled to great credit for continuing his work along lines which he so ably begun.

NOTE AND COMMENT

PASCAL COVICI will bring out next month two unpublished essays, "Victor Hugo" and "Golgotha" by Edgar Saltus, in a limited edition of 310 copies printed from handset type on handmade paper.

The Oxford University Press announce the early publication of a new and complete edition of the "Works of Ben Jonson" containing his plays, poems, letters, a list of books from his library, and other features that will add to the distinctive character of this edition.

Portraits of Grotius, "the father of international law," prints of his imprisonment and escape and other adventures, early editions of his works, letters in his handwriting, lecture notes by his students, and other relics of the great publicist have been placed on exhibition at the Avery Library at Columbia University to commemorate the 300th anniversary of "The Law of War and Peace," called the greatest of all works on international law.

A new book recording the services of the early American patriots in the Revolutionary War will soon be published by the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York. Since 1883 the society has had on file in its office in Fraunces Tavern hundreds of authenticated records of Revolutionary heroes. Under the direction of the president of the society, Robert Olyphant, the material has been prepared for publication. The volume will contain data relating to the services of 3,000 Revolutionary patriots and containing a great deal of information not obtainable elsewhere.

The Salad Bowl

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Understand that you can have in your writing no qualities which you do not honestly entertain in yourself. Understand that you cannot keep out of your writing the indication of the evil or shallowness you entertain in yourself. If you love to have a servant stand behind your chair at dinner, it will appear in your writing; if you possess a vile opinion of women, or if you grudge anything, or doubt immortality, these will appear by what you leave unsaid more than by what you say. There is no trick or cunning by which you can have in your writing that which you do not possess in yourself.

—Walt Whitman, memoranda for *Leaves of Grass*.

* * *

I would gladly satisfy my hunger f-- something more than the starvecrow c cism of poetry which we chiefly get to It seems to me that people no longer k what pure poetry is: they do not un stand the mysterious voice which makes truth and beauty one. They can judge truth, they can admire beauty; but they have to separate them. In pure poetry the two are one and inseparable.

—"Journeyman," in *The Adelphi*, London.

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WOODCUT BY J. J. LANKES

Dorinda's Mother was a FUNDAMENTALIST

"IF you ain't got religion, you'd just as well give up trying to live in the country." To Dorinda's mother religion was an intoxicant, a magic narcotic that helped her to escape from things as they are by dreaming about the glories of the future life. It bred in her a dull content with her round of joyless days, of ugly poverty, drudgery and mental inertia by promising her a heaven that gleamed and sparkled like "India's coral strands" and "Africa's sunny fountains." This stagnant, futile life could be accepted with passive endurance and resignation, for did it not prepare her for the life to come?

Dorinda, leaning in the doorway, could see her father toiling in the field, and beyond him, beyond the scalloped reaches of the broomsedge that rippled in the lilac-coloured distance, like still water at sunset, she could see the belfry of the church, rising above the country about it like a bird protecting her young. "I don't feel that way about religion," Dorinda said, "I want to feel happy."

"You're too young yet," her mother answered. "Your great-grandfather used to say that most people never came to God as long as there was anywhere else for them to go."

Dorinda believed in science . . .

Dorinda, though, believed in science. She was modern. When romance proved treacherous, and failed her, with a purely modern spirit she went beyond romance and found there was something in life besides love. Later she applied scientific methods to her father's fields and wrung from those barren acres a fruitful yield and a full life. It is this contrasting spirit in Dorinda's story as told by Ellen Glasgow in her much praised novel, BARREN GROUND that has caught the attention of readers everywhere; has made them say, as Stuart P. Sherman said, *"By all means read* BARREN GROUND *if you are interested in American fiction, in American life."*

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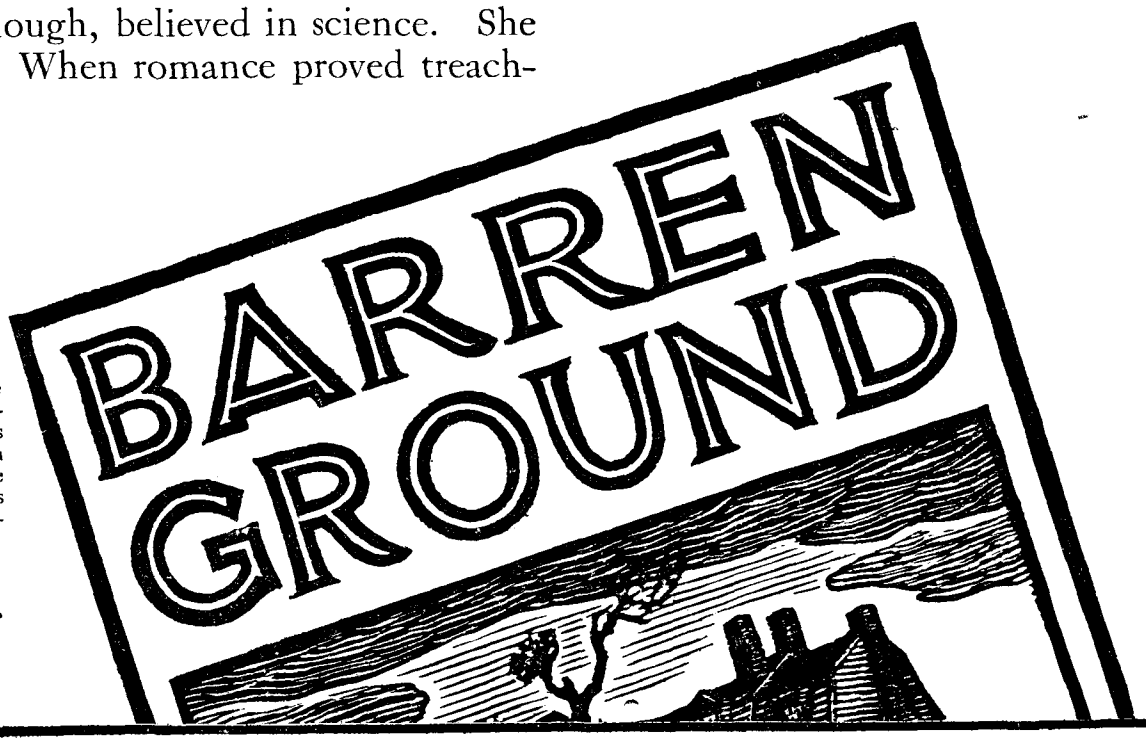

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